THE LIVING AGE

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for November, 1930

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Foreign postage, except Canada, $1.00. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THE MOST STRIKING utterances of the most important public men of our day definitely confirm THE LIVING AGE in its purpose to carry on, irrespective of the financial return, which has not, for some years past, been sufficient to pay fully the expenses of the magazine.

Calvin Coolidge says:—

'The breadth of our civilization is measured in no small part by the attitude of our people toward foreign people.'

Dwight W. Morrow says:—

'If we could all get clearly into our minds that other men have as much pride in the dignity of their nations as we have in our own, the solution of international problems would be less difficult.'

Dr. William Warren Sweet, of the University of Chicago, says:—

'International good will can only come out of an adequate international understanding. To be fair to others and to ourselves, we need to understand.'

Supplementing these utterances, a subscriber writes us significantly:—

'If all the key men and women of mass psychology throughout the world would read faithfully THE LIVING AGE, there would never be another World War.'

That THE LIVING AGE or any one periodical should include within its family of subscribers 'all the key men and women of mass psychology throughout the world' is an idealistic suggestion, impossible of attainment. But the thought behind it is friendly toward us and its method of expression is striking, stimulating happy flights of imagination into an exalted and rarefied atmosphere miles above the present altitude records which daring aviators within the past few years have risked their lives to establish.

THOMAS MANN, the first German since the War to win the Nobel Prize for literature, discusses from the writer's point of view the outstanding issue that presents itself in one form or another to every conscious citizen in every modern state. His thesis is that all of us are standing 'between two fires,' one of them Socialism, the other Naturalism. He then explains why he will not commit himself to moving in either direction. He rejects Socialism because it opposes the individual creative impulse and because, in renouncing the spiritual sphere, it cuts itself off from the one medium through which it can achieve its high ideals. But he differs even more sharply from those who would return to nature. He asserts that the reactionary element, especially in Germany, is exploiting the spirit and is not working for regeneration of the soul but for gas warfare. In conclusion he promises that if he is forced to take sides he will choose the Socialists, since they are at least honest advocates of reason. The whole essay is thoroughly German in its abstract attitude yet it offers to the thoughtful reader a clue to his own soul as well as to the soul of modern Germany in its present condition of tormented uncertainty.

THEODOR WOLFF'S spirited defense of the German Republic presents something much more positive. As editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Herr Wolff has always worked for Franco-German understanding and as a member of the Jewish race he is naturally outraged by the anti-Semitism of the National Socialists. Although his paper is one of the best in Europe, it speaks for a comparatively small group of liberals more distinguished for their prestige and wealth than for their numbers. It stands much closer to the Social Democrats than to the Nationalists but it is too much identified with international finance to be considered definitely radical.

(*Continued on page 328*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

November, 1930 *Volume 339, Number 4370*

The World Over

WHEN PRESIDENT HOOVER devoted a large part of his speech at Kings Mountain, South Carolina, to warning the country against Socialism and 'its violent brother, Bolshevism,' he was broaching a topic that is much more familiar in Europe than in the United States. At one time or another during the past ten years, France, England, and Germany—to say nothing of Russia—have all been governed by Socialists and in Italy a renegade Socialist adopted many radical methods and measures to stamp out Communism and install himself in power. In France the parties of the left have increased their numbers steadily and the balance of power in the Chamber of Deputies is moving in their direction. In England the Labor Party has quite eclipsed the Liberals and at the last elections won more seats in Parliament than the Conservatives. But in both France and England there have been occasional reactions to the right—only in Germany have the Socialists remained the dominating group. Thus the German elections may well represent an even more important turning point in the history of Europe than our three articles, written in the heat of battle, might lead one to believe. For the National Socialists—who are only Socialists in the sense in which Mussolini's Fascists are—have attracted the youthful vote and the failure of the orthodox Socialists even to hold their own may be taken to indicate that a widespread reaction against their ten-year ascendency is under way. At the same moment that Mr. Hoover cau-

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tions us against importing radical theories from abroad these theories are going out of fashion in their chief stronghold.

To ridicule Hitler's programme on an intellectual basis is to fail to understand not only the success that the Fascists and Communists have gained in other countries but it is also to ignore the condition of Germany for the past ten years. Mussolini's castor-oil treatments, his glorification of war, his Black-Shirt militia and all his dictatorial bombast may appear absurd but, as Bernard Shaw once pointed out, the liberal element in Italy had every chance to maintain itself in power and failed. It saw only the preposterous aspects of Fascism and ignored the vital parts. Russia has resorted to more extreme methods and has even undertaken to stamp out an old religion and substitute a new one, yet its Government enjoys prestige among foreigners many of whom regard its aims as foolish—or worse. When, therefore, Hitler plays the demagogue it is well to remember that two powerful systems have come into being on the strength of ideas that once seemed no less absurd than his.

NOR IS HIS AMMUNITION to be despised. The present condition of the average German citizen is not a happy one and Hitler has found three groups of people on whom all misfortunes can be blamed—the Jews, the bankers, and the disciples of Karl Marx. Because the German Jew enjoys more privileges than he did before the War, he is accused of abusing these privileges to ruin the nation. Because of the reparations payments and the collapse of the currency, the bankers also bear a large share of responsibility. And, because of the preponderant representation of the Socialists in the Reichstag, they are being held accountable for the misgovernment that undoubtedly has existed. Hitler has begun to carry the day against three groups with many international connections. If he shows character and capacity, he can become a portent—if not, his bubble will soon be pricked.

TWO EDITORIAL COMMENTS deserving the widest possible circulation have appeared in successive issues of the *Week-end Review*, a London Conservative weekly of remarkably independent views. The first comment had to do with the eternal problem of war and attacked a local newspaper for printing a feature article entitled 'Stop Talking War.' Here is what the *Week-end Review* had to say on the subject:—

> There is not too much but too little talk about war. Wishing to cure cancer we do not put a ban on it as a subject of thought and discussion; we think about it extremely hard and make it the matter of intensive research. Exactly the same should be true of war; recognition of this was at the bottom of Mr. Henderson's

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courageous speech at the League Assembly on disarmament. We must wage war on war as on cancer; we must take it very seriously indeed, and the first way to tackle it is by genuine disarmament. The time is *now*. Peace must be assured soon or it will not be assured at all; national memories are all too short. In the next five or ten years the future of civilization will be decided.

The next week the same periodical turned its attention to the last League session at Geneva, where the atmosphere was described as being 'uneasier than it had been for years.' The following explanation for this state of mind was then brought forward:—

The uneasiness at Geneva is not really caused, whatever may be said, by the result of the German elections or by the breakdown of Franco-Italian negotiations on naval armaments. Such issues may postpone, but would not prevent, the progress of world political organization. But the delegates of over fifty nations in Geneva have had to confess with growing alarm that economic warfare may be as dangerous, if not as sensational, in its results as any clash of arms; that we are on the very verge of a new world war—an economic world war; and that we are scarcely better prepared to cope with this crisis than we were with the political crisis of July 1914. In a political crisis there is detailed machinery for consultation and persuasion; in an economic crisis no adequate machinery exists.

The significance of these comments lies in the fact that the *Week-end Review* is neither an alarmist nor a radical paper specializing in scare stories. It is edited by the former staff of the *Saturday Review* and has already won itself an enviable reputation for integrity and sound judgment.

TOO MUCH IMPORTANCE should not be attached to the triumph won by the French in forcing British investors to accept interest in present-day francs on French war bonds issued when the franc possessed five times the value it has now. Yet the details of the controversy embody an entertaining lesson in international financial morality. The diplomatic correspondent of the London *Observer* quotes one of the original French prospectuses as follows: 'For the purpose of providing against depreciation in the market prices of the National Defense Loans [the official title of the loans in question], the French Government undertakes to set aside monthly, until otherwise decreed by law, a sum of 60,000,000 francs to form a fund to be used for the purchase of bonds of these loans in the market.' He then refers to a comment in the London *Times* of December 1, 1915, which read, 'The terms of the "London Issue" of the French loan are undoubtedly very attractive as an investment. The security is of the finest.' One day before, however, the same paper had remarked, 'In some quarters of the City it is doubted whether the temptation to ordinary investors will suffice to remove their usual prejudice against an issue in a foreign currency.' The *Observer's* correspondent then goes on as follows:—

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> The contractual question, therefore, is: can a borrower of his own sweet will, and without consulting his debtors, divide his liability by five and then maintain that he is meeting his liability? When the French Government funded its war debt to the British Government, it did not 'repudiate' five-sixths of it, but begged *in forma pauperis* (although France was the second richest nation in the world after the United States) to be relieved, and was with consent relieved, of that amount. But the holders of French *rentes* were not consulted when four-fifths of their money was annexed in France by the devaluation of the franc. That is pure repudiation.
>
> When the Russian Government repudiated one hundred per cent of its liability, and the chief holders of Russian bonds happened to be French investors, a cry went up from one end of France to the other that tore the heavens. Yet France proposes to go four-fifths of that same road of repudiation.
>
> Technically, France can argue that the bond contained no contractual obligation to repay in sterling; that is merely to argue that France is content with the knowledge that an investor who took France at her face value has reason to regret it. Nor is there much analogy between the French and the British holders of *rentes*. The French Government, if it wishes, and if its electors permit, is competent to confiscate French capital; but to confiscate British capital lent in good faith, and in the expectation of good faith, falls within a different category.

The French remain, of course, technically in the right, and the foresight they showed in specifically stipulating that any money lent by them to foreign countries should be repaid in gold francs has not added to their popularity along Lombard Street.

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that England would have to intervene in any Mediterranean war between France and Italy because her communications with India would be threatened, the question of Franco-Italian naval parity is still being discussed as if something more than Mussolini's prestige were at stake. The Italians complain that France insists on resuming construction at the turn of the year even if negotiations are still going forward and that France is now offering worse terms than those refused by Grandi at the London Conference. The French assert that no proposition was ever made, since there were no direct negotiations between the two delegations. Sir Charles Petrie, a young Conservative critic on the *Saturday Review*, blames Ramsay MacDonald:—

> Had Mr. MacDonald been anything more than the merest novice in diplomacy he would have postponed the Naval Conference until a political agreement had been reached between the three Latin powers, and his failure to take this course ruined the prospect of securing effective disarmament. In spite, therefore, of the decision of the French and Italian Governments to postpone fresh warship construction until the end of the year, the naval problem is merely in abeyance, and it cannot be definitely settled until the political differences have first been adjusted.

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But William Martin of the *Journal de Genève* probes deeper and asks these relevant questions about Italy's international ambitions:—

> What essentially does Italy now want in Europe? To make war? Nobody who knows her resources, her opportunities, her economic and financial dependence on other countries, the vulnerability of her coast line, can seriously believe so. What she really wants can be expressed in a single word. She wants equality, not in theory but in practice; not naval parity but equality in every domain. She does not object to the peace treaties on account of the frontiers. How could she? She objects to them because they have given France more political reënforcement than they have given her. She, too, wishes to play the rôle of a great European power and we might as well frankly admit that this is a legitimate aim. Some people may disdainfully call her policy a policy of prestige, but what great power isn't acting just the same?

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the League of Nations a distinguished group of international economists has reported on the world's gold supply and its distribution. Summarized very briefly, their conclusions run as follows. The supply of gold is likely to diminish slowly in the next ten years, more rapidly in the succeeding ten. When the present depression comes to an end, trade will improve and even estimating an annual increase of 2 per cent—a very conservative figure—there will not be enough gold in 1937 to provide the customary 33 per cent coverage that notes and sight liabilities now require. But several countries, notably the United States, have at the present time large surpluses of gold, beyond their 33 per cent requirement, while other countries are operating on a smaller proportion. The memorandum of the League economists suggests that the international monetary problem can be solved if the central banks of the major powers will agree to lower simultaneously the minimum gold reserves now required by law, since these reserves are 'to a large extent the outcome . . . of past tradition, of convention and habit, of the natural fear which each individual legislature has that a departure from general practice may impair confidence in the currency.' But before any such change in banking practice occurs, America and France will have to release their surplus gold—in other words, invest abroad. Here is the way the *New Statesman* explains the case:—

> The position of the United States as the world's great creditor nation sets up a constant tendency, accentuated by the height of the American tariff, for gold to flow there in payment of debts. The Americans have been afraid to use all this gold as a basis for money lest they should raise their own price level above the world's and set up a mad speculative boom. Consequently, they have tended to immobilize gold as fast as they receive it. France, from motives more obscure, has been collecting gold, largely through the repatriation of balances previously held abroad, until she has a gold reserve grossly in excess of any possible needs of her own; and her tendency to attract and nullify gold is still being encouraged by a

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very curious currency law passed when the fear of inflation was uppermost in men's minds.

If the world is to retain its present monetary practices, and to go on demanding gold reserves against currency and credit roughly in the existing proportions, the only remedy lies in unloosing and redistributing to other countries the surplus gold now held in America and France. But will America and France agree to this —which really means a big increase in their foreign investments? Fears that they will not agree largely account for the trepidation with which League statesmen approach the matter. And, if they did agree, is there any assurance that the present tendency for gold to drift back into their bank reserves would not recur? At least, in America's case it almost certainly would recur.

FRANCIS DELAISI, a young French economist with a reputation in his own country as distinguished as that of André Siegfried, recently wrote a book called *The Two Europes* in which he made the point that 'horse-power Europe and draught-horse Europe'—industrial Europe and agricultural Europe—could be delineated geographically. Events of the past few months have borne out his contention. A conference was held in Warsaw last August attended by nine of the agricultural states of Eastern Europe, representing a population of some 90,000,000 people, with a view to establishing a customs union. In July, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Hungary met in Bucharest and in early August Rumanian and Yugoslav representatives met in Sinaia in Rumania. Of course no definite steps have yet been taken but it is significant that Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Hungary submitted identical replies to the League of Nations questionnaire regarding further tariff understandings, although the two nations first named are supposedly allied against Hungary in the Little Entente. The present difficulty is that all three states are primarily agricultural and therefore have but little to exchange with each other. The hope is that their attempts to come to some trade understanding may prove contagious.

COUNT COUDENHOVE-KALERGI, originator of the Pan-European Union, is so gratified by the prestige that Briand has imparted to his plan that he now prophesies that the League of Nations will some day become a confederation of continental unions. Europe, he says, will occupy five seats at the assembly of this confederation, three of which will be permanently held by France, Germany, and Italy, while the other two will be rotated. The Pan-American Union will have four seats, two to be held permanently by the United States, one by Brazil, and the other one to be rotated. The British Empire will have three seats, one for Great Britain, one for India, and a rotatory one. The Far East will have two permanent seats held by Japan and China and the

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Soviet Union will have two seats, one held by Russia and the other to be rotated, though in what direction the count does not divulge. And finally there will be another rotatory seat for 'the other nations of Asia and Africa.'

Getting the United States to join the League will be simplicity itself because the Latin American nations will follow the example of Europe and form a union of their own with headquarters in Montevideo. 'This fact,' explains the count, 'will undoubtedly change the attitude of the United States toward the League of Nations. Whereas the European Union does not threaten the policy of the United States in any way, a federal organization of Latin America under the auspices of the League of Nations and in close liaison with the British Empire, Pan-Europe, and Japan, would be intolerable to the Pan-American policy of Washington.' But until the count's vision of Pan-Europe comes true these further imaginative excursions can hardly be received in quite the same serious spirit that they are offered.

THOUGH NEITHER France nor England has yet produced a Hitler, both countries seem to be experiencing the same wave of anti-Socialist reaction that has struck Germany. The article by 'Pertinax' attacking Briand that we present elsewhere in this issue expresses a state of mind that has lately become more popular in France and that may bring Poincaré back to the foreign office at any moment. In England, on the other hand, disgust with the Labor Government expresses itself in pure indifference to all political matters. A. Fenner Brockway, a Laborite Member of Parliament and an adherent of the left-wing group, writes as follows in the *New Leader*:—

> At the next election, unless a challenging programme is produced which will arouse the electorate from their apathy, hundreds and thousands of the working class will not trouble to vote at all. They will not vote for the Conservatives and Liberals; nor, in their disappointment, will they vote Labor. This will be the beginning of the movement away from Parliament, but it will not be the end. A condition of apathy cannot last. Apathy is the psychology out of which easily develops the despair of Communism and Fascism. We shall be very blind if we do not see this warning.
>
> The quality of our Socialism is now challenged as it has never been before. The failure of capitalism is our great opportunity. If we prove futile now, reaction will triumph. But if we have the courage and constructive capacity, this crisis can be made the occasion for a great Socialist advance. Is the Labor Party to be the instrument for the coming of Socialism, or is it to fail and fall?

We reproduced in our September issue a manifesto signed by a powerful group of British bankers who vexed many of the Labor politicians by virtually demanding Empire free trade. Their high-handed example has

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now been followed by an equally powerful group of industrialists who have proposed establishing a 'National Council of Industry' which will be 'a body of British business men determined, if it is humanly possible, to restore employment to their country and to ensure employment for its people.' They will hold themselves 'entirely free from politics and will welcome assistance from all parties.' These men, who include such figures as Lord Melchett; W. R. Morris, the motor-car magnate; and Sir Hugo Hirst of the British General Electric, believe themselves capable of organizing British production and of achieving many of the results that the Labor Party promised but could not realize. Thus the Socialists may find that they have made the mistake of seeking power by purely political means and of allowing a combination of capitalists to steal their thunder and their victory.

AT THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE, too, the predominance of economic matters has been evident. Only General Hertzog of South Africa has tried to divert attention to constitutional issues for the simple reason that his country is enjoying greater prosperity than other parts of the Empire. Canada came forward with the boldest suggestion and Mr. Bennett's offer to engage in a form of Empire free trade is likely to become the issue on which the next general election will be fought. As long as only Lord Beaverbrook was promoting the idea, the Conservative Party hesitated to endorse it because of Beaverbrook's known hostility to Mr. Baldwin; but now that a Dominion Premier has espoused the cause it has acquired respectability. As for the Labor Party, it approves only of bulk purchases and not of higher tariffs, although there is talk of a split and a Lloyd George–Snowden coalition advocating free trade.

Certainly if England turns protectionist she will not increase her popularity on the Continent. A leading editorial in the *Journal de Genève* argues as follows:—

> In its present precarious condition European industry feels that the loss of even a secondary market is a kind of catastrophe. Yet the fact is that the United States cannot become a market of the first importance either for our agriculture or for our industry and we should be making a mistake if we try to hypnotize people's minds with the idea of the American tariff. Although it is serious as a symptom of a stupid policy it cannot affect our economy decisively.
>
> The fact is that Europe is menaced by two much more pressing and grave dangers. The first is Soviet dumping. The second is British protectionism.
>
> Unfortunately the effects of English protectionism run the risk of being almost as much of a catastrophe to the European continent as Russian dumping. For there exist in Europe not only many countries that sell to England but still more countries whose whole economy is based on the supposition of British free trade.

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The effect that closing the English market would have on the agricultural products of the Continent and even on its industrial products would be much more disastrous than most people think. It would be one of the greatest misfortunes that has descended on Europe since 1914.

NOBODY HAS YET prophesied exactly what the Round-Table Conference on India will be able to accomplish. It is expected to open late in November shortly after the Imperial Conference has run its course and the Simon Report will inevitably figure in the discussions. Lord Meston, a former Government official with wide colonial and Indian experience, asserts that 'no apprehension need be felt that, in the absence of the extremists, the case for Swaraj will go by default.' He also points out that the old-fashioned type of 'Government well-wisher' will be absent. A dominating issue that the conference must face is the question of federated or unified administration. The essence of the Simon Report was that it proposed allowing the natives to control provincial affairs but kept central authority in the hands of the British. The idea was that the Indians could in this way develop, gradually and safely, a sense of responsibility, although it is also true that by strengthening local authority and directing the energies of the natives away from the central government, any tendencies toward unification would be hampered. But even the *Manchester Guardian* cannot believe in 'an aristocracy of intellect and virtue consisting of men and women content to renounce home and wealth to serve Mother India under the presidency of Mr. Gandhi.' Many Indians will not permit the return of the 'Brahman ascendency' and the native princes, whose domains are quite distinct from British India, are described by Lord Meston as 'tenacious of their obligations to the British Crown and to the Crown alone.' With so many different groups clamoring for recognition, Gandhi has certainly shown himself a skillful politician in refusing to enter their disputes. In the eyes of many Indians and of most foreigners he acquires a unique prestige and seems to represent a united India that does not in fact exist.

ALTHOUGH ECONOMICS are supposed to determine everything nowadays, it is characteristic of Spain that the peseta should have declined to almost half its par value simply as a result of political uncertainty. Three years ago, the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera and the funding operations of Finance Minister Calvo Sotelo had raised Spanish currency almost to normal and it is difficult to explain the decline that has occurred since. The Government's attempts to set up a petroleum monopoly and to develop a native oil supply have failed, but the tariffs paid on foreign imports of oil have covered all the expenses of drilling.

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An ill-timed loan was also attempted, but the deficit it caused does not begin to explain the currency depreciation, especially since the Bank of Spain holds a reserve of 2,448,000,000 gold pesetas and 723,000,000 silver pesetas against a total note circulation of 4,335,000,000 pesetas—a much higher proportion, incidentally, than that maintained by England. The debt charge per capita in Spain is one-seventh of what it is in England and less than half of what it is in Switzerland. Savings-bank deposits have tripled since 1920 and there are now over three million such accounts, compared with less than half that number ten years ago. General Berenguer's Government has also announced that the unfavorable balance of trade for the first six months of 1930 amounted to 166,000,000 pesetas, as against 441,000,000 in 1929 and 439,000,000 in 1928 for the corresponding period. It is hoped that the easing of the censorship will make foreigners as well as Spaniards appreciate the sound position of the country.

THE FALL OF THE Schober Cabinet indicates that moderate policies enjoy no greater popularity in Vienna than they do in Berlin. By repressing with equal vigor the *Heimwehr* troops of the Conservatives and the *Schutzbund* of the Socialists, and by putting through treaties to stimulate Austria's foreign trade, Herr Schober had won the sympathy of all the major powers of Europe. Naturally his overthrow caused nothing but pleasure in the more reactionary German papers, but liberal organs like the *Frankfurter Zeitung* expressed concern. Former Chancellor Seipel, the Roman Catholic prelate who leads the Christian Socialists and who has now been appointed foreign minister, is said to exercise from behind the scenes more power than any other man in Austria and he is therefore held responsible for the present situation. The Paris newspapers express undisguised alarm. *Le Temps* points out that Hitler, leader of the German National Socialists, is an Austrian citizen and that Major Pabst, organizer of the Austrian *Heimwehr*, is a German. It also makes free and frightening use of such expressions as 'reactionary Bolshevism' to describe the present condition of Austrian political life. The *Manchester Guardian* ridicules these fears but does not mention the embarrassing position France would occupy toward her East European allies if Austria and Germany were really to unite.

WHY THE APPEARANCE of large quantities of wheat, offered at the lowest price in years, should be regarded as an international calamity at a time when millions of unfortunates do not know how they will survive the winter is a question quite beyond our power to answer.

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We can, however, report a few pertinent facts about the Russian grain exports and let our readers form what opinions they will. Before the War Russia used to sell more wheat abroad than any other country, her exports having exceeded by 50 per cent those of the United States. This year, thanks to unusually bountiful harvests in the Ukraine and the Northern Caucasus, she is again in a position to sell to the outer world, which, in the meantime, has developed other sources of supply and which happens this year to find a bumper crop on its hands. But Russia needs money desperately to put through her industrial plans, she cannot afford to store wheat, and though many of her people are hungry, she finds it cheaper to ship grain from convenient Black Sea ports than to send it inland by rail. The *New Statesman* of London remarks: 'Russia is dumping abroad in order to get money with which to buy imports, and there is no reason to believe that she is not getting the best price she can under the existing conditions. When the world is prepared to make economic arrangements that will stop this sort of thing, it will have a right to ask Russia to join, and to censure her if she refuses.' The Communists would be hardly human—and certainly not Communists—if they were not gratified by the trouble they are causing abroad. As for the capitalist countries, they not only resent this year's dumping but they fear still more the effects that Moscow may achieve with its ill-gotten gains.

THOUGH CONDITIONS in China go steadily from bad to worse, the hope still flourishes that somewhere or other the savior of the country can still be found. The latest candidate for this rôle is Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, son of that formidable Manchurian war lord, Chang Tso-lin, who was blown up two years ago while fleeing by train from Peking. But the son does not take after the father, whose military excursions cost Manchuria $250,000,000 and loaded the country with worthless paper currency. Young Chang has the reputation of being a pacifist—albeit a gay and pleasure-loving one—and by keeping Manchuria out of war he has made it the only part of China where prosperity and security can still be found. He is reported to have said that he would like to lay aside his military rank and attempt to save China as a business man. He is an ardent sportsman, tall, attractive, and still in his early thirties. In politics he has deferred outwardly to the Nationalist Government of Nanking, which, in return, has treated him as a mere vassal. He considers himself handicapped by numerous old-fashioned advisers, who may, however, prevent him from trying to do too much in a country that still moves slowly. Hostile rumors assert that Chang is a wastrel, but on the whole the press treats him kindly, especially abroad, since he is helping to make it safer for foreigners to do business in China.

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Here is the address delivered by last year's winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature before the 1930 convention of the International Rotary Club. Herr Mann takes as his thesis the position of the modern European writer.

Between Two Fires

By THOMAS MANN

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

AS I MOUNT the speaker's stand I feel quite a deep sympathy with Moses, who said to God, 'Lord, I have a feeble voice. Let my brother Aaron speak.' My fellow Rotarians from Munich will bear witness that I did not push myself forward to make this speech. On the contrary, I acted much as Moses did and expressed my surprise when the Hague Regional Conference of the club chose me and, I may add, resolutely stuck to its choice. I reflected that there must be authentic orators, men who are orators above all else, whereas I myself am not a speaker at all. Then, too, I felt that such men would have something more immediate, more practical, more instructive and interesting to say about the world of reality, for they would be statesmen, politicians, industrialists, financiers, or merchants.

Yet a writer was chosen, which was a great honor to my profession, but do not be amazed now if the writer, like the industrialist or politician, speaks to you of his own sphere of activity and of his own forms of life, encouraged by the knowledge that opportunities to express himself are something more than the mere exercise of his craft. If I undertake to describe to you the intellectual position of the modern European writer as briefly and clearly as I can I shall not feel, of course, that I am talking to practical people about events in the lunar world, about fantasies and absurdities that have no bearing on real life. On the contrary, I shall be conscious that I am bringing forward something just as real and immediate as the politician or industrialist would bring forward in his own way.

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For spiritual reality is reality, too. It is perhaps the primary reality and I am not a good enough Marxist to believe that spiritual things are merely 'ideological superstructures' reared on social-economic facts and realities. I do not believe that the spirit is something apart. It is, indeed, quite possible to regard it as the creative principle that underlies all life and all reality and to regard life itself as the coinage of the spirit. Art, the most living manifestation of the spirit, produces something more than itself; it is something more than an example of the creative, determining function at work. Not only in an æsthetic, artistic sense is life the stuff with which the poet deals; not only does the novelist give life a form in his book; he also, often enough, gives life a form through his book and if anyone asked me which is more important, French nineteenth-century society as we know it in Balzac's works or Balzac himself, I should not be at all averse from replying, 'Balzac.'

I SHOULD therefore like to discuss with you the spiritual position of the modern European writer, for I believe that your position and the position of the writer are very much the same, since both belong to the present human situation. It could hardly be otherwise. The poet or writer is that individual in whom the spiritual element has concentrated itself, in whom it has become conscious and articulate. Only in this fashion can your remarkable decision to have a writer speak here be explained, a decision through which, as I have said, you have accorded great honor to my profession. Indeed, this wish of yours reveals that the writer is the representative of your time, and of its life and spiritual position.

This position of ours is a difficult one and could not be anything else in a period of universal difficulty. Perhaps every period is inclined to underestimate the difficulties and complications of other periods, but we certainly feel that it was never a greater artistic achievement than it is to-day to keep one's balance and walk erect, or, to put the matter in religious terms, to be acceptable in the sight of God. We stand between two fires, and we need much skill at this art of life to emerge unscathed. One problem clearly dominates all others, the problem of human coexistence, the social-political problem. This is the political period *par excellence*. Politics are its determining element and the social awareness of the time we live in has brought into being two conceptions that do not seem able to play anything but morally contradictory rôles. These two conceptions are idealism and frivolity.

Idealism as a form of frivolity—in German speech these words sound like a peculiarly dreadful paradox. None the less, a figure of magnanimous composure and superb grandeur emerges, the figure of Schiller, who praised pure play as the highest activity of man. In doing so he spoke the language of artistic idealism, but what epoch ever spoke this language and could carry out this teaching with good will? Our own time is inclined to look upon art as a form of idleness, indulged in by individuals whose lack of adjustment to the period in which they are living makes them seem almost like criminals.

One day in Heidelberg, where I had

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read aloud a story I had just written, as is the custom in Germany, I received a letter from a young man with proletarian-socialist views who shrewdly and sharply took issue with what I had read. He did not do this impudently; I received the impression that the writer wanted to show me a certain respect. Speaking for the masses, for the new social world, as a man to whom the words 'culture' and 'soul' were bourgeois, reactionary expressions, he considered that I must justify myself morally before him, that I was morally responsible for art and should answer for it as best I could since, under present circumstances and placed as I am in the modern world, I had regaled thousands of people with a story, with a form of art, and had earned applause for my labors. How, he asked, was such a degree of egotism, complacency, and lack of conscience possible, since it put me in the position of boosting culture, æsthetics, and soulful objectives with the assurance that I should win praise for my efforts? And these efforts were being expended in the face of circumstances that demanded but one form of spiritual activity: war, social warfare, and direct action to improve our situation.

I answered the young man, not very well, I am afraid, perhaps because I was made uncomfortable and excited by his attack and this suggested a weakness in the position that I had to defend in the brief exchange of letters that ensued. But I do not believe that my position is a weak one, rather is it a difficult one, and what irritated me was the fanatical and highly complacent narrow-mindedness with which this difficult position was exploited. My young opponent produced arguments that he believed served his cause only, although we all recognize them and they fill us all with fear—the absurd and critical position of Europe, the war that has so recently been fought and that will be resumed again if things continue in their present course, the scandalous lack of any social-economic system, the devotion of millions of people to purely material affairs. It is difficult to have these things constantly before one's eyes and at the same time to defend the right of the individual to an inner culture, to playing with various forms, to æsthetic freedom; and it is hard to protect the idealism of art against the accusation that it is frivolous.

THIS is one of the fires with which we modern writers are threatened and in the face of which we must maintain our natural forms of life. We repudiate activism. We believe in bringing seriousness to our play and we believe in the value of the game we are playing. We still believe in mystery, in the human mystery of art which is ridiculing and will turn to eternal ridicule the social-rational attempts now being made to poison its conscience. We see in art the sphere to which the conflict between idealism and socialism is being raised. We live in a hope which amounts to a conviction that continued study of the human element, undertaken in the name of art, possesses a passion and intensity all its own and relates deeply to the burning problems of our time. If art is something inalienably human the idea of developing human nature along æsthetic lines can never

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die, no matter how obsolete it may seem to-day.

Now for the other side. We swerve to the right, and what a fire is blazing in that quarter. It is, I believe, more fierce and malignant than the fire to our left. In that quarter, gentlemen, and though I speak from German experience I believe that the conditions are about the same everywhere, there is a suspicious hypocrisy, a silly reactionary attempt to exploit the antithesis between soul and mind, feeling and understanding, poetry and prose, and thus to tyrannize literary and artistic criticism. This tendency draws its life from a reactionary movement that has spread throughout the world but that perhaps is most at home in Germany. It is the retort to intellectualism, it is the cult of bygone centuries protesting against our mechanistic and ideological picture of the world and against a certain faith in progress, as generous as it is shallow, that characterizes a sinking or sunken epoch. My contention is that against this moribund conception of the world a vitalistic, irrational conception has been erected, a credulous, enthusiastic, mystical counteraction to a dull daily routine. Among all peoples this new back-to-nature movement has developed its characteristic forms and colors and is attempting to make our conceptions of the world more healthy. But German thought along these lines is becoming too radical and too ruthlessly doctrinaire. It is pushing the contrast between mind and life, between intellect and soul, to a climax of overingenious absurdity, a climax that is perhaps too spiritual to be called natural.

One must recognize the authority and necessity of this universal reaction even if one feels that these romantic execrations in the present condition of the world are not entirely sound. Furthermore, the movement embraces tendencies leading toward some new belief, toward a political Utopia which seems to be a kind of merger between the twentieth and eighteenth centuries and which we hope will not escape the attention of our biologists.

One listens with a kind of subdued appreciation, for there is something right about the inevitable narrow-mindedness of the reactionary leaders. But the people who are not right, the ones who are driving in the wrong direction and against whom we must defend ourselves, are the pupils, the purposive imitators and worshipers, those reactionaries, both good and bad, who are reaping the benefits of what others have done and are announcing an anti-intellectual philosophy. They want to infuse us with soul, with poetry, with pure appearance and feeling and thus have us attain an apostolic simplicity. They accuse us of being shallow intellectualists when we talk of reason, peace, and European unity. We find this loathsome. Our time-honored conceptions of art, life, impulse, and intuition, the cult of heroic pessimism and Goethe's religious cult, are falling into the hands of malicious Philistines and militarists who when they say 'soul' mean gas warfare and are deeply vexed if we do not fall into their trap. We wish to know nothing of the wrongs of this Philistine movement and all its false heroics. We have defended ourselves against the pressure of a socialistic activism in the name of our belief in art, but we become socialists the moment that

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æstheticism, stupidity, and evil claim us as their allies. We are poets, which, perhaps, means adventurers and dreamers, but we have sworn our allegiance to the intellect if the soul ever falls into dishonor and threatens to do humanity harm. When that hour strikes we shall put in our word in behalf of straightforward rationality.

THAT, gentlemen, in a few words, is the position of the European writer, a position between two fires. When I spoke of him I did not speak of unrealities that are of no concern to you. I spoke, I believe, of something that you have all lived through and experienced. The situation that I have described is essentially the situation of all men who have recognized that a special cleavage exists in our day, and it is a situation in which, as I have said, it is a difficult work of art to maintain an upstanding figure. Here are the adjustments life demands of us. The inalienable rights of the individual and the nation must be reconciled with the categorical duties that social and international existence puts upon us. That is what the day demands and the fact that these needs are keenly recognized is shown, among other things, by the world-spanning organization whose representatives I am now addressing. No wonder people get together and work out in the grand style the common solution of a problem that touches us all and which each of us feels is not only a moral problem but a practical one, a question of life and death.

Rotary comes from the west, the classic sphere of individualism. But it is a mistake to serve instinct and the impulse toward freedom in relation to certain nations and to discriminate against others—in short, to differentiate between states. We Germans have a reputation for pious solidarity and heroically unquestioning obedience. The French, on the other hand, the nation of the bourgeois revolution, are famous for their love of freedom. Yet Goethe was delighted when a Frenchman, Guizot, observed that the Germans had brought the idea of personal freedom into the world, and when Goethe, for his part, wanted to point out that people did have a desire to serve, he used the French word '*servage*' to explain this condition. Thus do the wishes and instincts of nations conflict and mingle.

The task of uniting freedom and duty is international, just as the Rotary Club is international. Men of all languages and zones have collaborated, men who recognize the infinite value of the ties between the sphere of the ego and the sphere of art and culture, men who are determined to defend themselves against any reproaches of frivolity. And, furthermore, these men will not let themselves be led astray by any false spiritual values, in spite of their zeal to help create a more rational world.

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The editor in chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the foreign editor of the Roman Catholic *Echo de Paris* offer two interpretations of the reactionary victory in Germany. Finally, the *Times* correspondent in Berlin explains the rise of Hitler's National Socialists.

Reaction in GERMANY

By THREE FOREIGN JOURNALISTS

I. THE REPUBLIC WILL LIVE

By THEODOR WOLFF

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

IT HAD TO HAPPEN. It was the counsel of simple political foresight not to dissolve the Reichstag at a time when a serious business depression had upset many classes of citizens, and not to hold new elections at a time when National Socialism was sure to reap the harvest. The Brüning Cabinet fell fifteen votes short of procuring consent for the emergency measures it had proposed. If it had not attempted to alter a questionable tax law and had not aimed to root out Marxism at any cost it would have enjoyed the toleration of the Social Democrats and secured a majority.

Now the Reichstag contains 107 National Socialists, 41 Hugenberg supporters, and 76 Communists, and if the 143 Social Democrats join the opposition group the 208 loyal members of the Government will be faced by 367 opponents. Instead of falling only fifteen votes short of a majority, the government now falls 159 votes short. Yet the moral debacle is even greater than the political one and the rest of the world now surveys Germany with pitying or ironically happy eyes. Never has defeat been more hastily and heedlessly courted—never since the decision to undertake the submarine campaign during the War

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has the nation acted more thoughtlessly. And is it something more than chance that the man who forced Chancellor Brüning to dissolve the Reichstag was a former naval hero? To play one's trump card is not a sure token of the strength of one's government. The strongest man of all, Otto Braun, the Prussian Socialist, knows that it is better to bend than to break.

Yet in spite of the great disaster that has come upon us in a period of weakness rather than in a period of strength, we still consider Chancellor Brüning an able man and hope that he is cool-headed enough to refrain from any adventurous project and that the unhappy experiment he has made will satisfy him. Now is the time to show that he possesses real strength. The responsibility lies on his shoulders and it is his task and duty to find a way out of the danger and out of the chaotic distress into which a false gesture of strength has plunged the country.

One hundred and seven National Socialists, intoxicated with their victory and displaying their usual bad manners, together with 76 Communists on the other side of the chamber—what a witches' sabbath it will be. We shall soon see seated on the Hitler benches a display of popular representatives who will put in the shade all those who have preceded them. Can Herr Brüning want these figures to be represented in his Government? They would waste the national substance as Penelope's suitors laid waste her house, insatiably destroying and trampling on everything, and the whole nation and its economic machinery would be crushed beneath the wheels of Hitler's Mercedes automobile. The finances of the Reich would fall into an even more desperate condition. Capital would emigrate and foreign credits would not be granted to aid our weakened business. The economic crisis which everyone wants to have ended would only have begun. Of course, the lesson would have its effects on certain industrialists who have flirted with National Socialism and encouraged it. But they would again learn nothing and the attempt to give them wisdom and understanding would not be worth its cost.

HOW about foreign policy? Immeasurable harm has been done to Germany's position in the world as a result of the moral and spiritual catastrophe that the election represents, for it is a triumph of the most corrupt juggling with the country's real prestige. Such a loss can only be compensated if foreign countries are at once made aware that the Government and those parties that still have a sense of responsibility are showing a decisive and firm resistance to the current lunacy. The Chancellor of the Reich and our foreign minister have explained most emphatically in their election speeches that Stresemann's policy will be continued intact under all circumstances. Meanwhile poor Curtius has observed alarming reactions in Geneva, where he received messages of condolence and consolation. But we shall not pursue the course of Hitler, Goebbels, and Hugenberg. Those parties that do not want all national authority, all German economy, and all that Stresemann achieved to be utterly destroyed must stand together just as many races combined on the Catalau-

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nian plains to repulse the invasion of the Huns.

Two towers of strength have remained unharmed by the deluge. These are the Centre Party and the Social Democrats. Undoubtedly many Democrats voted for the Centre because the attitude of Herr Mahraun toward anti-Semitism did not seem sufficiently decisive and they did not want to trust to the rather vague character of the new German State Party. The Social Democrats have suffered a small loss but not an important one. They remain very powerful and are still by far the strongest party in the Reichstag.

Hugenberg's German Nationalists have declined from nearly four and a half million votes to two and a half million votes and now hold 41 seats instead of 73. The German Popular Party, which only yesterday had 45 members mounted on fine chargers, has now been reduced to 29; nor is there any reason to sing the praises of Treviranus, for a motorcycle with a side-car would suffice to carry his four Popular Conservatives to the Reichstag, although he spoke as if he were leading an army. All these parties, from Hugenberg to Scholz, have fought under the slogan, 'Against Marxism.' All of them wanted to 'break the Red chain.' Their attempt has failed, since the Communists have gained 22 seats. All the attempts to discredit the Social Democrats and blame them for all our misfortunes have redounded to the benefit of the National Socialists, who keep on uttering anti-Marxian outcries more loudly than ever.

These disastrous elections almost endangered the highest authority of all, for the party which suffered the worst defeat of any called itself the Hindenburg bloc, announcing that in its victory or defeat Hindenburg conquered or fell. All speeches and articles in behalf of this party made use of the President's name as their battle cry. Happily, Hindenburg himself did not enter the struggle in any way but preserved a wise silence. No message from him fell into the arena to be torn to bits by tigers and lions. Thus the defeat involved only his overzealous worshipers.

THE extraordinary fact that six million, four hundred thousand men and women in this civilized country voted for the most commonplace, hollow, flat kind of charlatanism is being explained for the most part on psychological grounds and by peculiar and mitigating circumstances. But there are other reasons, too: madness induced by poverty, the rebellion of dismissed workers, bitter hatred of the ruthless methods of many employers, disgust at the bureaucratic administration of emergency building commissions and relief funds, contempt for the half measures taken by a Government that blows hot and cold, and so forth. Then, too, there is the hopeless immaturity of twenty-year-old boys who are now allowed to vote because when the National Assembly was founded it was considered expedient to give the franchise to young men returning from the trenches. But now these young men run after any whistling rat-catcher as if he were the Pied Piper of Hamlin or else they go into ecstasies over tinsel-decked military figures.

Of course, it should not be imagined that the majority of these six millions espouse the so-called Hitler pro-

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gramme. They give only passing attention to the salad he is serving up to them with badly oiled phrases; they simply rally around his swastika symbol. None the less, it is sad to see six million, four hundred thousand Germans in such a spiritual condition. It is sad, too, when one asks one's self whether Stresemann killed himself working in vain and when one wonders what opinion other cultured nations will have of Germany's good repute. But, after all, anyone who champions political common sense at this time indeed needs a thick skin.

Jeremiah may have been a prophet but no one can frame a policy out of jeremiads. It would be a tempting task to write something against Jeremiah, attacking the overpessimistic outbursts which have helped to prepare the way for demagogues and ridiculing the mad nervousness that is felt by those who see Hitler's 'Third Reich' looming on the horizon. But since old Jeremiah was not the author of the lamentations that bear his name, such a work must be an attack on jeremiads, not on Jeremiah. We do not believe that Brüning will be carried away for any length of time by lamentations. He and his ministers have said that their Cabinet wishes to be one of powerful energy and we now expect from them energy and power. We expect the energy to reach decisions, to protect resolutely the state and the public weal from any outburst, to stop at nothing in placing the widest possible gulf between a loyal Government and those who threaten destruction. We also expect the power to commence a sweeping policy of public reform without wavering and without the least consideration for the 'interests.' If this happens, the incontestably great victory of National Socialism will soon prove a fine delusion to the very ones who have been carried away by it. Every Cleon, every tyrant, lasts only a certain time—as long as he is wanted.

II. Briand Must Go

By 'Pertinax'

Translated from the *Echo de Paris*, Paris Conservative Daily

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS of September 14 confirm the impression many people received last July when the Reichstag dissolved. The Weimar Constitution is passing through a critical epoch. Parliamentary institutions which were improvised in a period of complete disaster eleven years ago are menaced with death.

Up to now the successive ministries in Berlin have been supported by the moderate parties, the Catholic Centre, the Democrats and Populists, and sometimes by the Social Democrats, who on the whole represent a party of government and order. More often, however, these parties of the centre have been supported by moderate conservatives, especially in the past few years.

Yet all these parties have been rather badly treated by the forty million voters of Germany. Adding together the Catholic Centre, the German State Party, the Populists, and the sixty moderates dispersed through

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various groups, we get only about two hundred votes in a Reichstag that will contain 575 members. Moreover, it is probable that many moderate conservatives, the disciples of Schiele, Treviranus, and Westarp, having paid for the relative wisdom of their views by suffering the rage of the voters, will be more disposed than they have been to follow the footsteps of Hugenberg and Hitler. Obviously, the violent element has won a victory. Hitler's followers, the National Socialists, dictatorial, revengeful, antiparliamentarian, eager to apply force both at home and abroad, anti-Semitic, given to the wildest demagogic extravagances, enjoy such popular favor that they now control 107 seats, as against 12 in the former assembly.

The Hugenberg conservatives, who are somewhat less frenzied but are also antirepublican and oppose the Young Plan and the Versailles Treaty, have increased their strength by seven members. Hitler and Hugenberg also exercise an irresistible attraction over part of the clientele of Treviranus, Schiele, and Westarp. Thus the governmental minority of two hundred deputies will in all likelihood drop below one hundred and eighty. Now if the government parties turn to the left, to the Social Democrats, with whom they were allied last year in the Hermann Müller ministry, they run the risk of instant disillusionment. Of course, a combination between the Catholic Centre, the former Democratic Party, and the Populists on the one hand with the one hundred and forty-three Social Democrats on the other would bring together a group of three hundred members, in other words, a majority.

But how can such a return to the great coalition be brought about? For one thing, financial reform is at stake and on this point it would be absurd to imagine that the Democrats and Populists, representing big industry and finance, could come to any agreement with the representatives of the working masses. It would be no more conceivable than an agreement between those conservatives who own immense country estates and the workers. Moreover, the Social Democrats, having lost ten seats, are witnessing a growth among the Communists, whose representation has risen from fifty-four to seventy-six. The spirit of tolerance they have revealed has only served to assist this triumph of the extremists. Harried by the Communists on the one hand, they will be compelled to exaggerate their grievances against the centre parties just as the conservatives, preyed upon by Hitler and Hugenberg, will have to increase their exigent demands. The malcontents on the right, no less than the malcontents on the left, inevitably stand at the head of the class.

Since any moderate solution would soon fail, must we look for another dissolution of the Reichstag such as Herr Treviranus has prophesied and which the Weimar Constitution permits? Not necessarily, for it is hard to see how President Hindenburg and Chancellor Brüning would profit. We must not then exclude the hypothesis of the Government's developing into a dictatorship under the uncontested prestige and authority that the field-marshal President enjoys. One can even imagine that Hindenburg and his Chancellor did not exclude this possibility when they determined last July to cut themselves off from the Reichstag and risk an election.

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The Weimar Constitution, of course, represents a barrier. According to Article 23, dissolution of the Reichstag must be followed by a general election within sixty days and the Reichstag that this election produces must meet within the next thirty days. The President and the Chancellor cannot govern for a long time by decree under Article 48, which permits them, if public order is threatened, to suspend liberty of meeting, freedom of the press, and all kinds of personal guarantees. But, according to good judges, it would not be beyond the power of Marshal Hindenburg to break the Weimar Constitution, whether Brüning or someone else is chancellor. Just as the French people conspired with their prince-president in 1851, so the mass of the German people would to-day very likely favor with silence and passiveness, if not with active applause, such an initiative on the part of their chief. Some people go so far as to assert that Chancellor Brüning recently criticized the Weimar Constitution, declaring it ill suited to the German people and announcing that amendments are inevitable.

Still more worthy of attention than the new balance of political power is the tendency of all parties and ideas to shift toward the right. This manifestation has been going on for two months. The Democrats, some of whom have joined the State Party, now find themselves on the verge of accepting conservative and Nationalist doctrines, and the Centre Party, which, it was prophesied, would lose votes because of its complacent attitude toward the right, boasts that it has accurately reflected the sentiments of its supporters, since their numbers have increased by some five hundred thousand.

THE ruin of the German parliamentary system brings to an end the dream that M. Briand has pursued for the last four or five years, the dream of a new Germany breaking off with the old, dominating it, learning to talk European, and establishing itself in peace. This imaginary Germany, as we see it to-day, only maintained its apparent existence as long as the former Allies occupied the Rhineland. Two months and a half have passed since the last French, English, and Belgian soldiers crossed the Rhineland bridges, and this imaginary Germany has vanished. It was nothing but a stage setting imposed on the German people by the unfortunate times through which they were living.

Rarely has a politician seen his calculations so completely given the lie. There is only one Germany and that Germany believes only in force. As soon as the treaties of 1919 have no force behind them they will fall into ruin, whether as a result of supposedly peaceful negotiations or whether, after these supposedly peaceful negotiations have said their say, under the pressure of violence.

The policy of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs is nothing but senility and a sure breeder of conflict. The complete returns from the German elections became known at Geneva just after M. Politis had recalled to his hearers in the Assembly the prudent historical attitude one should take toward the federal organization of Europe. It was worth observing how the prophets of the new day greeted the explosion of German

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Fascism. Did not Mr. Henderson believe that a recent speech of his would insure the victory of the Social Democrats across the Rhine? But there is no limit to the stupidity of men who do not wish to see things as they are.

Strange suggestions are now being heard. Some people are delighted that Treviranus bit the dust, as if his defeat at the hands of more violent opponents than himself could offer consolation. Someone else proclaimed that in the face of so many dangerous extremist parties a coalition of public safety would be formed, including all parties from the Populists to the Social Democrats. Still another person thought that he detected an increasing and hopeless tendency toward anarchy in Germany. From all this confusion I have deduced but one moral. The real peril is that France will not be stirred by the events in Germany and will not dismiss M. Briand. The departure of M. Briand, whether voluntary or forced, is a rapidly approaching necessity. It is the first measure to be taken for public safety.

III. From Six to Six Millions

By a Berlin Correspondent

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

HERR ADOLPH HITLER'S National Socialist German Workers' Party had its beginning in 1919, when he with others founded a 'German Workers' Party' in Munich. It was 'a group of six people, with no fixed aims, no programme, only the desire somehow to struggle out of the muddle of those days'—a description not inapplicable to the present party, except that the six people have become six and a half millions.

Herr Hitler, returning from German army service with the Iron Cross, had a gift for oratory which appealed to Bavarian audiences, and in 1920 he had 2,000 and in 1921 5,600 followers. In 1923 came an alliance with General Ludendorff's Völkische Party. The Völkische were Nationalists unadorned; they shared the extreme Hitlerist views on anti-Semitism and racial purity, but not the social and economic ideas gained by Herr Hitler during his laboring days in Vienna, which governed his appeal to the working class.

The alliance led to the abortive march on Berlin, which ended at Munich, where General Ludendorff was wounded and Herr Hitler made prisoner. The party, however, progressed and polled nearly 2,000,000 votes as the 'National Socialist Freedom Party' at the election of May 1924, its first parliamentary venture. This gave it 32 seats, but in December 1924 its poll sank to 900,000 and its seats to 14, so that it was no longer qualified as a parliamentary 'fraction.' In May 1928, when it had assumed its present title, its poll sank to 800,000 and its seats to 12.

There has therefore been little opportunity to judge the party on its past public performances. Herr Hitler is precluded as an Austrian from its parliamentary leadership and conducts the campaign from Munich. The Reichstag group has always been

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insignificant, save for a few months in 1924. Its leader has been Dr. Goebbels, a journalist, a fiery orator, and physically a small man, so that Socialist election posters caricature him with the legend, 'chest measurement 27, mouth measurement 72.' He was supported by Herr Gregor Strasser, a Munich chemist and former reserve officer; Count Reventlow, who left the navy as lieutenant commander in the 'nineties; Captain Göring, who has the *Ordre pour le Mérite*, and led the Richthofen fighter squadron in 1918; General Ritter von Epp, a vigorous free corps leader in the troubled times of 1919, and others. The list of over 100 'Nazi' members in the next Reichstag seems mainly composed of former officers, small tradesmen, journalists, lawyers, and members of the middle class generally; there are a few workingmen in it, but not many.

The party's only experience of office has been in Thuringia, where Dr. Frick has represented it in a coalition ministry. As state minister of the interior he has been waging war on jazz bands and 'nigger music' in the interest of racial purity, Hitlerizing the police, and trying to introduce school prayers containing the Nazi slogan, 'Germany, Awake!' His activities have led to frequent conflicts between Weimar and Berlin and have kept the Supreme Court at Leipzig busy.

The 'storm detachments' (*Sturmabteilungen*) form the backbone of the party. Their members, having been forbidden their black-shirted uniforms, now go bareheaded and wear a white shirt with the neck tucked in and the sleeves rolled up, trousers, and belts. They look 'ready for action' in both attires. The storm detachments are organized on military lines, the units, from the lowest upward, being the group, the troop, the storm, the standard, and the regional storm. There are five main commands and a supreme command with headquarters in Munich, each of these being held by a former officer. Among the men holding high commands are some whose names are connected with the political murders of early republican days. Others have written books about their exploits as free corps commanders in the local civil risings of 1918 which do not make altogether pleasant reading.

If the storm detachments form the potential army of an imaginary Hitler state, the defense squads (*Schutzstaffeln*) are its police. These are picked men of more than average height who wear black shirts. They supply Herr Hitler's personal bodyguard and seem to be a sort of respectable Nazi *Che-Ka*. The members of both the storm detachments and the defense squads are well set up and well drilled young men of resolute but not, save in exceptional cases, of unduly aggressive bearing. They are probably trained in the use of arms; at any rate a mysterious placard at a recent election meeting where the storm detachments were much in evidence indicated the location of the 'armory.'

IT IS difficult to say precisely what this party wants, apart from its sturdy nationalism, because of the extraordinary complexity of the language of its manifestos, which are full of abuse of the 'Marxist-plutocratic democratic state' and so on. It does want power, but there is no sure guide to what it would like to do

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if it gained power, except that it undoubtedly wants to make Germany strong, if not warlike.

The nearest approach to a programme seems to be a list of twenty-five 'theses' issued by it, which contains these 'claims,' among others:—

> We claim the union of all Germans in a great Germany.
>
> We claim equality of rights for Germany and the cancellation of the peace treaties.
>
> We claim land (colonies) for the nourishment of the people and the settlement of the surplus population.
>
> Only compatriots can be citizens . . . no Jew can be a compatriot . . . public offices shall be held by citizens.
>
> We claim the abolition of unearned income; the complete repayment of war profits; the nationalization of trusts; a share in the profits of big undertakings; the communalization of big stores and their lease at low rates to small traders.

These are some of the 'National' and 'Socialist' ideas which the party seeks to combine. One 'thesis' claims the sequestration without compensation of land for public purposes. This evidently alarmed some of Herr Hitler's landed supporters and a footnote says 'the Party stands for private property'; the sequestration proposal was aimed 'mainly at Jewish companies speculating in land.'

Such literature does not carry one far. What the Nazi leaders tell their supporters is that the violent overthrow of the 'Marxist republic will put everything right.' This incitement may be covert, but it is understood, as one can vouch from comments overheard at an election meeting, to suggest violence against political opponents.

The vast audiences which attended the Nazi election meetings in Berlin were of a representative type, which would have delighted any party agent. A large proportion consisted of very young people who nevertheless had a vote. Many of these young people have grown from childhood to voting age with the fact of a foreign occupation ever present in their minds. They were too young to know much of the earlier period when German soldiers for four years occupied the soil of other nations.

These young men and women like the passionate nationalism of the Nazis. They like the feeling of vitality about this party, the idea that it means to get something done. The members of the storm detachments are their contemporaries. They jubilantly wave their red flags with the swastika centre, enthusiastically raise their arms in a Fascist salute to Herr Hitler, sing with fervor the 'Horst Wessel song' (dedicated to a young Nazi leader shot by Communists some months ago), and feel that if anybody can put Germany right the Nazis can.

Nobody knows whether this is a menace or whether it may develop into a constructive force. Herr Hitler possibly supplied the answer in a speech at Munich when he said his electoral success was the first step toward attaining power 'by legal and constitutional means.' His Nazis are revolutionaries, 'but not in the sense of a *Putsch*, a revolution, or an overthrow; they are revolutionaries of the spirit.' Their aim is the conquest of the German soul.

If Herr Hitler is correctly reported the prospect clears considerably. It is precisely the spirit of his party which has won it so much support, and his words suggest that he is going to guide this spirit into useful channels.

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Has England kept Europe from uniting? A spokesman of the French Foreign Office expounds a fundamental point in his country's foreign policy and shows how it conflicts with that of Britain.

ENGLAND Against Europe

By JACQUES BARDOUX

Translated from *Le Temps*
Paris Semiofficial Daily

ANY REFLECTIVE MAN with a slight knowledge of history, anyone able to survey the present with some illumination and even to foresee a little into the future cannot fail to favor the development of the European Union.

The past demands it. Greek civilization grew rapidly anæmic because it could not stifle the quarrels between its tiny states and mould them into a durable and single whole. The partition of the Roman Empire cost Europe two centuries of barbarism and modern Europe is returning, with fresh vitality, to its hereditary tendency to engage in petty but mortal struggles, which are now embodied in the disputes of national minorities or in self-sufficient foreign policies.

The present demands the European Union. The tendency of various nations to form themselves into rival groups grows out of our economic distress and diplomatic uncertainty. Intensified production all over the world and the diffusion of machinery to every latitude have compelled all European agriculturists as well as all European automobile makers and cotton manufacturers to face the same problems of defending certain markets against invasion and of redividing others. Then, too, such progress has been made in developing machine-gun fire and poison gases that the vitality of Europe could not well survive the assaults and destruction of a new war. We can and must guarantee ourselves against this twofold risk by exchanging more goods and coöperating systematically.

The future demands the European Union. Similar efforts are now being attempted under other skies and in other forms. Of course, the British

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Commonwealth of Nations has not achieved complete unity, either moral, economic, or political, but it lacked the natural ties. The dissociation that logical people once prophesied has become an accomplished fact. Nor is Pan-Americanism immune from disputes or even from collapse, yet it remains a supranational organization with a permanent secretariat, a director, and regular meetings. Continentalism will to-morrow become a reality in the New World and Europe will only grow more weak and feeble if she remains above and beyond this necessary evolutionary process.

The difficulties we face are, of course, numerous and many of them we inherit from the past. The European peninsula contains on a larger scale the characteristics of the Greek peninsula. It has the same creative intensity, the same world-wide predominance. But it also has similar diversities, parallel conflicts, and almost identical rivalries. Furthermore, the present is creating new difficulties equally great. In our new form we must incorporate nations that are no longer exclusively European, nations that are African and Asiatic and intend to remain so. We must also make modern Europe fit into the armature of the League of Nations. The unity of modern Europe is a fragile thing, being of recent origin. Yet it must be joined to the League without provoking quarrels, bargaining, or internal friction.

As for the future, its redoubtable difficulties are still in store. We must create the community of European nations without alarming, and above all without alienating, other older communities more powerful and more solid—Britain and America. We have learned at great cost from recent history that these two nations are able to make themselves impartial arbitrators of our disputes and indispensable guarantors of our security. And our thousand-year-old peninsula has not yet reached the stage of being able to get along without arbitration or guarantees.

To be sure, these difficulties were not so great that France should have refrained from taking the initiative and introducing new ideas in relation to the European Union. The advantages and prestige that her victory brought can only last if she masks her military superiority behind peaceful activity, if she consolidates Europe along the lines of the Versailles Treaty by means of numerous checks and balances, and solves by legal means the inevitable disputes that will occur in such a complicated network. If we had remained encamped on one narrow preserve, maintaining prudent silence, we should have played the game and served the ends of every propagandist who is interested in caricaturing the modern Frenchman and depicting him as an impenitent soldier or an impotent stockholder.

To avoid all risks and achieve something like success we had to be modest in our ambitions and gradual in our methods. In these very pages on the twelfth of last March I pointed this out and the reader will perhaps pardon me if I quote myself:—

'It is impossible to tighten Continental ties if the effort, which should be both prudent and progressive, does not occur within the League of Nations. For it needs a shape, a personnel, a body of precedent. We should

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first create geographic groups and European tendencies within existing administrative services and within the present permanent commissions. We should then establish on the model of the secretariat of the Pan-American Union an organism of information and *rapprochement* whose administrative cabinet should include the various European cabinets. We should then study how far it would be possible to coördinate and fill out the existing cartels of Continental industry. And, finally, we should profit from some crisis from which some manufactured products or raw materials will inevitably suffer and take advantage of this opportunity to suggest Continental methods of protection and repartition. These, in short, are the first steps to be made before we can tighten the bonds of Europe, and how can we tighten anything that has not first been tied together?'

Only if an infinitely simple, infinitely prudent project were embodied in a matter-of-fact, straightforward note could British opinion be prevented from rising in unanimous and immediate opposition. Circumstances were most unpropitious since the English people are now at the height of an industrial crisis and are on the eve of an imperial conference.

THE French note of May first seemed to show the greatest consideration for British emotions. It was not meant to provoke a great outburst. It simply included a brief preface followed by four short paragraphs on the 'pact of general order,' 'the mechanism of European union,' 'the directives of the European committee,' and a programme for future study, all leading to still briefer conclusions. Not a line about 'Continentalism.' Not a word about forming supranational groups. Nothing but historical formulas and banal inaccuracies. The legal formulas we put forth had an encouraging lack of elegance: 'A permanent régime of conventional solidarity for the rational organization of Europe'; 'To keep one's self from setting up a new source of controversy for the settlement of legal disputes.'

Our note was intentionally reassuring. It affirmed a legitimate respect for national sovereignty: 'It is on the basis of entire political independence that the entente between European nations must be realized.' We affirmed a moving respect for the supremacy of Geneva and promised that no assault should be made against the authority or regulations of the League. It was merely a question of 'integrating a limited system within a universal system.' The note finally showed a respectful deference toward all non-Europeans. They were to be given every liberty of listening in, every opportunity to observe. There would not even be any 'customs unions' for them to fear. Somewhat imprudently the memorandum declared that 'such a conception would be incompatible with the principles of the League of Nations, which is closely attached to the notion of universality.'

And finally our note was intentionally moderate in tone: 'The initial pact of the European association' will have to be 'rather summarily drafted.' It will 'confine itself to defining its essential rôle.' The organism of the European association was barely sketched out. The longest paragraph was simply a plan of study

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and a programme of investigation and the conclusion once again insisted that 'it is of essential importance to confine one's self to the initial tenets and to a few very simple views. It is not a question of erecting an ideal construction in every part but of attaching one's self practically to the effective realization of an initial method of contact and of constant solidarity.'

Truly, there was nothing more the Quai d'Orsay could do to allay the distrust and to encourage the collaboration of the British Foreign Office. It even forced its manner. It renounced brilliant and spiritual touches. It outlined prudently. It respected all parties. It greeted all desires. It did not throw too brilliant a light or erect too lofty barriers. It painted in gentle colors. Its angles were rounded. John Bull could sit down and make himself at home.

But though this old gentleman has a certain tenderness for Aristide Briand he can never fully trust a Frenchman. He read this document once without understanding much of it. He read it a second time without growing too anxious. He began a third reading and on this occasion lines appeared on his forehead and he knit his brows. He had discovered an administrative peril. Of course, the union of European nations will be one of those regional groups which the Covenant admits in principle and whose utility it recognizes. But the union must be incorporated in the Geneva organization and obviously this cannot be done unless it is of exactly the same type and shape. In establishing the European Union the French note did not provide for a permanent secretariat such as might be recruited and incorporated within the Geneva secretariat. It only suggested a plenary conference and a restricted committee, both of them copied, to be sure, exactly from the Geneva Assembly and the League Council. As well proclaim that the new grouping was not a regional union at all, but a smaller League of Nations. It was not to be incorporated with the League; it was not to be subordinate; the two bodies were to work together. Suspicions were born. Uneasiness was aroused.

AN economic peril was also discovered. Unquestionably, the Quai d'Orsay was advancing a formula that revealed a certain lack of experience in practical industry. It was discounting the future risks of competition from other continents. It spoke of 'the immediate pursuit of rational organization of production and exchange.' But it is difficult to rationalize the production of a single factory and it is almost impossible to rationalize a corporation or even a single village. As for organizing the production of an overpopulated, overcapitalized, overindustrialized peninsula, such a possibility is not even on the eve of being born. The French note expressly repelled any project of replacing 'interior customs' and erecting 'more rigorous barriers around the limits of the whole community.'

None the less, the note did give as its economic objective 'the creation of a common market.' A market without special tariffs, without special doors, without customs offices? But how then can it be a common market, that is, a reserved market? For while John Bull is monopolizing a growing part of his imperial trade he would also like to retain his normal markets on the Con-

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tinent, which up until recently proved more active and more free than any colonial market.

And, finally, a political peril was discovered. M. Briand would not be the skilled negotiator that he is if he had not seen that the discussions of his European pact would involve an opportunity and a risk. The opportunity was a strengthening of security and the risk was that Germany would attempt to extort blackmail. There was only one way of taking advantage of the former opportunity and simultaneously removing all danger from the German quarter. The thing to do was not to appear before the German delegation with a demand but with an offer. 'All possibility of progress in the domain of the economic union being rigorously determined by the problem of security, it is in the political field that this constructive effort tending to give Europe its organic structure must be applied. It is therefore both logical and moral that the economic sacrifices to be made to the whole collective unit can only be justified in the development of a political situation that authorizes confidence between peoples and real peace of mind.' The exporting nations were to benefit from the economic union. They were to receive commercial guarantees in exchange for political guarantees and this spectre of the defunct Geneva protocol coming to life on the horizon was enough to freeze the bones of John Bull. It was a construction built up by Latin jurists, an extension of British obligations, an obstacle preventing certain necessary adjustments. It denied realities and defied life itself.

The reaction was instinctive and immediate. Was it unanimous? Was it as lively among the Tory realists as among the Labor idealogues? Are the radicals and Laborites really more receptive to new ideas than the Liberals and Unionists? Does the Foreign Office share the distrust of British public opinion? Did the Socialist Government in its notes and acts interpret public opinion or did it rather combat the people? The debate deserves an answer.

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Returning to active political life at the age of seventy, Raymond Poincaré still personifies the spirit of war-time France. The chief Paris correspondent of a leading Berlin daily tries to account for this dangerous anachronism.

Poincaré *at* Seventy

By Dr. Leo Stahl

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

In THE PEACEFUL stillness of his summer home in Lorraine, Raymond Poincaré celebrated his seventieth birthday on the twentieth of last August. A serious affliction that made an operation necessary forced him to resign the premiership over a year ago and to renounce active political life for a brief period. But his cure has made good progress and to-day Poincaré again enjoys complete good health.

This tireless worker has never known what rest and relaxation mean, and once more he has taken his pen in hand as he always does when circumstances keep him out of the government. His six volumes of memoirs, which he began writing on his sick bed, are now nearly complete yet their author still finds time to indulge in prolific public utterances. There is hardly a live question concerning domestic or foreign politics which he has not discussed brilliantly, sometimes writing dissertations in the academic manner and at other times adopting a more polemic tone. The articles that he writes for *L'Illustration* and *Excelsior* and for a few North and South American newspapers win him great admiration and generally reëcho more widely than the speeches of ministers and officials.

His political career has been uncommonly brilliant. His native town of Bar-le-Duc sent him to parliament when he was twenty-eight years old and at thirty-three he became a member of the cabinet. In 1912 he formed his first ministry, having previously occupied cabinet posts as minister of finance and minister of justice. A few months later he entered the Élysée

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Palace as President of the Republic. After his seven-year term had run its course he again became prime minister, once from 1922 to 1924 and a second time from 1926 to 1929.

Ever since his early youth Poincaré has remained almost incessantly at the height of power. Life has showered him with success and honors. One thing only has destiny withheld—popularity. The great masses of the people have never liked Poincaré. They regard him with gratitude and wonder as the man who steered the French ship of state with a strong hand during its hours of greatest danger and brought it into a safe harbor, skirting the dangerous shoals of domestic and foreign crises. Once he led France to victory and again, in the critical year of 1926, he saved the country from inflation.

Yet, in spite of all this, Raymond Poincaré has never been able to win the hearts of the populace. He whose thoughts and deeds, whose ideas and instincts have been always devoted to his native land, has vainly labored his whole life long to win the esteem of his fellow men, which other politicians with much fewer achievements have enjoyed.

THERE lies the great tragedy in Poincaré's strangely conflicting character. He has become authoritative and autocratic to the point of excess because, while he has striven for love and sympathy and voluntary support, he has found only reluctant submission to his superior will power, and at best respect and cold-blooded amazement. He has never flattered the masses or parliament, but the actual ground of what slight popularity he enjoys lies deep. The qualities and virtues that Poincaré exemplifies are typically un-French. They are foreign to the character of his people. Frenchmen esteem these qualities and are amazed at them but they do not love them: a firm grasp of fundamentals, self-control and control of others, an almost pedantic capacity for knowledge, insatiable zeal, a Spartan sense of duty, and a sense of right and justice based on classic examples —in a word, the personification of Kant's categorical imperative.

Poincaré works sixteen hours a day. At six in the morning he is seated at his desk. He generally works without a secretary. Every line he writes is set down with his own hand at an amazing speed and in a small script full of flourishes. His memory is phenomenal and his knowledge amazingly universal. With his staff and even more so with foreigners, Poincaré can make himself most attractive, but if he is ever contradicted he stiffens coldly and makes whoever is with him feel that his warmth and cordiality are not natural, but are the result of an iron self-discipline.

Like Clemenceau, Poincaré has had his name engraved in the history of his country while he is still alive. On November 11, 1918, when the thunder of guns and the ringing of bells announced the victory over Germany, which had been subdued by hunger and an overpowering number of enemies, the French Chamber of Deputies borrowed a gesture from ancient Rome and invested Clemenceau and Poincaré with the highest honor that a politician can win. A decree was passed that all schools and town halls in France should have in-

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scribed on them the country's eternal recognition that these two men had deserved well of the state. Whereas Clemenceau's unbending energy almost drove his country to exhaustion and forced it to keep on fighting to the bitter end, Poincaré's far-sighted diplomacy was what kept the Allies together in spite of their steadily increasing conflict of interests and enabled them to make fresh sacrifices.

THE rôle Poincaré played in prewar history is so much disputed that it is impossible to judge it objectively. He himself has always fanatically opposed the charge leveled against him even in his own country that he was partly responsible for the outbreak of the War. Throughout his ponderous memoirs, from which, with professorial thoroughness, he has omitted no relevant diplomatic or political event, one can trace from the first to the last page, like a red strand, his convulsive efforts to 'prove' that innocent France was attacked and that no one in Europe had done more and sacrificed more to maintain peace than France and its government, at whose head Poincaré stood in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the War. Historic research will have to decide to what extent he can be made actively responsible for the War, but it cannot do this until France makes public its diplomatic archives, only a few of which have been revealed.

Poincaré quotes in the fifth volume of his memoirs the statement Delcassé made justifying his request to be given the portfolio for foreign affairs: 'It is my policy that has triumphed to-day. How often have I been accused of encircling Germany. I signed the entente with Italy, the entente with England, and the first entente with Spain. I have also made the Russian Alliance a useful instrument.' This policy of systematically encircling Central Europe, a policy that surrounded Germany with a network of secret alliances and military conventions, supplied the powder for the explosion and in this policy Poincaré participated.

We must believe that even Poincaré 'did not wish the War,' but what did he do to hinder its outbreak? The order delivered by the government in Paris to have the French border troops withdraw ten kilometres from the frontier has been brought forward again and again by Poincaré and other historians, but that was a political tactical movement solely designed to influence public opinion and 'prove' that Germany alone was guilty of opening hostilities. Had the French government brought its influence to bear in Saint Petersburg, where it was in a good position to do so, and made use of its considerable authority to hinder the Russian mobilization against Austria, the threatened outbreak of war might have been checked at the last minute.

Perhaps it was not so much Poincaré's personal fault as the fault of his whole generation, which had grown up in the shadow of the defeat of 1870. It had not sought the conflict with Germany, but had looked upon it as unavoidable from its earliest youth and had laid all its hopes on the reparation of the injustice done to France. Thus it was only logical that when control of French policy fell into its hands it should do everything

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possible to increase this 'unavoidable' conflict with Germany and to seek for every possible advantage. The policy of incessant preparation for war and the systematic campaign of hatred that accompanied it were bound to set off the explosion some day.

Even since the peace treaty, Poincaré has held to the same doctrine: 'If you would live in peace, prepare for war.' He seems quite unable to grasp the idea that Europe is facing a new and even more disastrous catastrophe if her nations do not take into account their common interests. He has, to be sure, come to advocate Franco-German understanding and he raised no obstacles in the way of revising German reparations or permitting the premature evacuation of the Rhineland. But he remains, as all his most recent publications still show, the same old man he has always been. He looks upon Germany with almost diseased mistrust. The inviolability of the Versailles Treaty and the forceful suppression of Germany are to him the quintessence of all French policy and he feels that these measures alone can make France great and prosperous.

Poincaré belongs to the past. He has not formed contact with the new time. In the new Europe whose foundation stone Briand has laid, there is no longer room for his policy and his methods.

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Mr. Hoover having warned us against the dangers of Bolshevism and Mr. Hyde having objected to the operations of the Russian grain manipulators, this first-hand account of the collective-farm movement is especially timely.

RUSSIA'S Collective Farms

By A MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

THIRTEEN YEARS after the inauguration of the Soviet Government Russia is experiencing its real and fundamental agrarian revolution: the shift from individualist to socialized operation of agriculture. The seizure of the landlords' estates by the peasantry, which for a time seemed one of the fundamental and stable results of the 1917 upheaval, now seems a transitory and passing incident. The Russian land, the object of so many fierce struggles, is now slipping from the hands of the individual peasant proprietor and passing to a vaguer entity known as the collective-farm management, which in turn is intimately connected with the Soviet state. While the state is not operating agriculture as directly as it is operating industry, certain present-day trends are in that direction.

A table showing the distribution of marketable grain in 1929 and in 1930 reflects the huge shift in agrarian relations which occurred during the last year. In 1929 the *sovkhozi* (state farms) supplied 3.5 per cent of the surplus grain; the *kolkhozi* (collective farms) 8.5 per cent; the *kulaki*, or richer peasant, 23 per cent, and the remaining individual peasants 65 per cent. This year the state farms will furnish 8 per cent; the share of the collective farms will rise to 44 per cent; the *kulaki* are expected to yield only 3 per cent, and the individual peasants 45 per cent. Here one can see the effect of two closely interrelated processes: the enormous growth of the *kolkhozi* during the last winter and spring and the 'liquidation of the *kulaki* as a class,' which involved the confiscation of their property for

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the benefit of the collective farms and, as a rule, their expulsion from their homes and banishment either to the remote northern regions of the Soviet Union or to unused land outside the village limits, where they are left to struggle along as best they can.

The state farms and the collective farms, the two basic forms of collectivized agriculture, are different in composition. The state farm is established with state resources on previously unused land. Hired labor is employed and the surplus produce goes directly to the state. A collective farm, on the other hand, is created by the pooling of the land, working animals, and machinery of a number of peasant households. An elected management directs the work, although one often finds as managers of collective farms industrial workers who were sent out last winter to promote collectivization, and party and Soviet influence on the policies of the collective farms is very strong. The income of the collective farm is divided among the members according to the amount and kind of work which they performed, with some allowance for the property which they contributed.

A trip through collective farms in a typical area of high collectivization leaves definitely the impression that they are here to stay. Notwithstanding unmistakable excesses and blunders which were committed in the process of their formation, notwithstanding the withdrawal of millions of peasant households which were clearly 'collectivized' against their will and welcomed Stalin's letter and various party decisions last spring which emphasized that the peasant must be free to choose whether or not he desired to sink his individual holding in a coöperative group, the collective farms, from the productive standpoint, have vindicated themselves.

It is claimed that a planted area of sixty million acres in individual peasant homesteads increased to ninety million acres when these homesteads were absorbed into collective units; and all the collective farms which the writer visited reported a marked growth in this respect. This gain, which was even more marked on the state farms, more than compensated the loss from the absence of planting by the 'liquidated' *kulaki* and by the reduction in the planted acreage of the individual peasants, many of whom left the collective farms in the spring in considerable confusion as to what land they could consider their own and how they should receive seeds.

While one cannot now find cases where administrative force is being used to bring the peasants into the collective farms, the economic pressure in this direction is overwhelming and is more effective than means of crude compulsion. The collective farms receive all the large machines, such as tractors and thrashing machines. They obtain the best land and various advantages as regards taxation and supplies of manufactured goods. They obtain the lion's share of the state credits. Under these circumstances the individual peasant's chances of long-term economic survival are small, especially if one considers the moral effect of the 'liquidation of the *kulaki* as a class.' This measure was certainly calculated to convince the hesitating middle-class peasant that it was useless to accumulate individual property.

While the collective farms can point to big and definite achievements

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in the way of increased acreage, there still seems to be considerable room for improvement in the efficiency of their operation. The Soviet Union was not in a position to supply trained and capable leadership for all the tens of thousands of collective farms which sprang up almost overnight. The forceful methods which in many cases accompanied collectivization last winter until Stalin called a halt, the failure at first to make any allowance for the property which a peasant brought in, the despairing agitation of the *kulaki*, the sweeping forced grain purchases, which in some cases did not leave the peasants with enough food for themselves and their cattle—all these causes brought about a terrific destruction of live stock. According to official statistics almost half the pigs in the Soviet Union were killed during the last year; and the reduction in other live stock, while not so sweeping, was serious enough to create a meat and dairy-products problem which may require years to solve.

The whole-hearted winning over of the peasants to the idea of collective farming will quite possibly follow any marked rise in their standard of living on the new large farms. If and when such a rise in the standard of living takes place the mass of the peasants will probably become 'acclimatized' to their new agrarian relations, just as improved earnings gradually reconciled the independent artisan of the pre-industrial era to the regularity and discipline of factory work. The Communists assert that the peasants, especially the poorer ones, already enjoy a substantially higher income on the collective farms. In view of the extended acreage and the generally good crop, this is most probably true, so far as money income is concerned. But a reservation must be entered to the effect that, owing to the general shortage of products, money in Russia does not mean what money does in other countries. The peasant is interested not in the paper rubles which he receives but in the amounts of tea, sugar, clothing, boots, textiles, and so forth which he can buy. The shortage of all these things in the Russian rural districts is acute; and the best means of strengthening the collective farms would be, if possible, to supply their members adequately with these simple necessities.

IN order to see Russia's gigantic experiment in collectivized farming in full operation one must leave Moscow and travel at least a day's journey by train in a southern or southeastern direction. In the northern and central regions of the Soviet Union individual farming still remains predominant, but in the rich grain belts of the Lower Volga, the North Caucasus, and the Southern Ukraine one often finds regions where half or two-thirds of the peasant households and an even larger proportion of the land belong to collective farms.

Southeast of Saratov, in the steppes which farther east furnish grazing land for the nomads of Kazakhstan but which, near the Volga, are capable of producing excellent grain crops, one finds the Commune of Stalin. Here over 400 peasant families are living under a régime which, in poverty and obedience to a common rule, if not in chastity, suggests the regulations of mediæval monastic communities. All idea of personal enrichment is abandoned in this commune. Not only the

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land, working animals, and machinery, but the smaller farm animals, such as pigs, chickens, and sheep, are the property of the community. The members eat at a common table, where the diet, abundant in quantity but somewhat monotonous in content, consists of bread, beet and vegetable soups, with meat and *golushki*, or dough balls, potatoes, and, in season, melons and tomatoes. The management of the commune buys manufactured goods with the proceeds of the sale of its surplus grain. Here, as everywhere at the present time, there was a sharp lack of city products; the coöperative store which was established on the premises of the commune had on its shelves a few bolts of cloth and textile goods, a few pairs of boots, and correspondingly meagre supplies of other articles. When there is not enough of a given article to go round a commission regulates its distribution to the most needy members of the commune.

The commune possessed over a score of tractors, about half of which were laid up for repairs, 240 horses, 98 camels, 700 sheep, over 300 cows, 400 chickens, and 150 pigs. It had planted about 15,000 acres this year, and planned to increase this amount by 50 per cent next year. Its most serious problem seemed to be in the field of housing. The crowding in the frame buildings which housed the members was terrific, from ten to twenty people often occupying a single room which had almost no space except for beds and the small trunks which contained the modest personal possessions of the inhabitants. Difficulty in obtaining building material was adduced as a reason for the overcrowding, and it was pointed out that many of the members of the commune were former casual laborers who had never possessed homes of their own. One member did indeed consider it a step forward that he was not obliged to live in the same room with farm animals.

Work on the commune, as on all collective farms, was carried on through a system of 'brigadiers,' or elected chiefs, who were responsible for the labor of the groups which were placed under their command. Methods of 'social persuasion,' such as public reprimands and denunciation in the hand-written 'wall newspaper' which periodically appeared in the commune, were employed against loafers, and in extreme cases these could be excluded by a general meeting of the members. Families which desire to join the commune are placed on probation for a period of six months. If after the expiration of this period they still wish to join and are acceptable to the majority of the members they are formally admitted, and give their property to the common fund. Should they leave before the end of the six months they may take away their property in kind; if they leave after being formally admitted they are given only the monetary equivalent of their property, minus 10 per cent which is deducted for the 'indivisible fund' of the commune. In one case a group of individual peasants abused the hospitality of the commune, joining it and eating its food during the winter months and departing with all their property before the six months ended.

IN ITS almost complete renunciation of private property the commune does not as yet commend itself to the majority of the peasants. Much more

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widespread as a form of organization is the *artel*, of which an example could be found in the 'Red October,' a large collective farm with 1,200 families and over 20,000 acres of planted land, with its headquarters in the town of Bikovo, on the Volga. Here the land, the working animals, and machinery were common property, and one could see the members working in large groups in the fields together. But each family kept its own house and a patch of garden land; all except the poorest had a cow as individual property, together with a few chickens and perhaps a pig, although the number of small farm animals diminished very appreciably last winter as a result of the wholesale slaughtering that was a by-product of some of the excesses which were committed in the way of grain requisitions and forcible collectivization.

There was no public dining-room in the 'Red October'; but food was served to the members who were threshing grain in the fields. Despite the fact that the collective farm possessed fewer horses than its individual members owned in the preceding years the planted acreage showed a substantial increase, and the manager of the farm, a worker from one of the neighboring Volga towns, interpreted this as a decisive proof of the superiority of the new agricultural methods, saying, 'When a large number of working animals and machines are concentrated on a big expanse of territory, ploughing, planting, and other farm operations can be carried out much more expeditiously and efficiently than when each peasant goes out with his horse and plough to farm his little strips of land. The abolition of the strip system alone gives us a big economy in labor. Then general feeding in the fields saves much time and energy that was formerly expended when every peasant had to prepare his own food.'

Instead of throwing all the food and money receipts of the enterprise into a common fund, as was done in the commune, the *artel*, 'Red October,' will carry out a rather complicated division of the proceeds among the members on the general principle of rewards being proportioned to the quantity and quality of work performed. The number of working days which each member put in will be taken into account, and also the kind of work which was done. Each member will receive what is computed as a normal allotment of grain for consumption until the next harvest; the balance of the grain, after deductions have been made for seeds, upkeep of animals, and so on, will be sold to the state buying organizations.

Ultimately the commune, somewhat modified by the introduction of a piece-work system of payment designed to stimulate individual productivity, is the Communist ideal in agriculture. A commune, if it is at all prosperous, can support social institutions on a much broader scale and is a more promising organization from the standpoint of developing Communist agitation and propaganda. But for the present the majority of the peasants, especially those who are rated as '*seredniaki*,' or middle-class peasants, are not willing to part with their private possessions to the extent which would be required in a commune. Therefore the Communist and Soviet authorities reckon with the fact that for some time to come the *artel* will be the basic form in collective farming.

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Persons and Personages

An Hour with Tagore

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

THE THOUGHT OF INDIA is to-day dominated by three great men, one of whom is almost unknown in Europe. His name is the Maharaja of Mysore, the other two being, of course, Gandhi and Tagore. The question that faces all three of them is the relation between their country and the Occident, for India is trying to absorb a technical civilization different from the one to which she has been accustomed and to reconcile this civilization with her own traditions.

The Maharaja of Mysore searches for reconciliation by adopting the attitude of what the eighteenth century used to call the 'enlightened despot.' He believes that state authority should administer progress in exact doses and thus should make the transition from a purely Hindu civilization to a civilization impregnated with Western ideas as gentle a process as possible. He advocates technical improvements, popular education, hospital aid, and so forth, a programme, in short, somewhat similar to that which Japan has attempted and achieved. Gandhi, on the other hand, rejects all attempts to conciliate East and West on the ground that they are irreconcilable. He believes that the West can only harm the East and that the latter should confine itself to its own traditions, avoiding any contacts that might weaken it. His is the philosophic attitude of noncoöperation. Tagore is the coöperationist *par excellence*. He denies that any profound difference separates the two civilizations. He believes that they can be made complementary to each other, that they can aid each other, and even merge.

This attitude toward the West no doubt explains Rabindranath Tagore's fondness for making trips to Europe. He pays these visits from time to time and never fails to pass a few days in Geneva, where he finds an international atmosphere peculiarly suited to his tastes. It seemed to us, therefore, worth while to make his recent visit an excuse to go and ask him to define his thought, especially in so far as he is concerned with the great problem that is now haunting all the minds of India.

We found Tagore young-eyed in spite of his age. His great beard flowed down over his gray overcoat. He looked tired, for he had recently fallen sick in Berlin. He speaks in a gentle voice that is almost inaudible at first but that gradually affirms itself and grows more animated as his thought develops. His eyes are almost constantly lowered, but he raises

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them and looks straight at you when the discussion becomes personal. After talking to him one understands more clearly the authority that he exercises over his disciples. Greatness emanates from his person.

He is, however, tired of hearing his poetry and philosophy praised. For some time past he has become a painter and finds an almost boyish pleasure in this renewal of his personality and in the fresh success that this renewal has won for him. The National Gallery in Berlin has asked to buy some of his work and he was so happy that he generously offered to make a present of some of his paintings.

With scarcely any introduction, Tagore at once explained to us his ideas on the relations between Eastern and Western civilization. At bottom, he said, man is the same in all latitudes. Certain Occidentals believe themselves superior beings because of their railroads and automobiles. The kind of pride they carry with them to the Orient and that they display in the presence of natives naturally makes these natives react with a pride of their own. Orientals thus believe themselves justified in looking down upon their Occidental visitors, who seem to possess less spiritual quality. They come to believe that the Occident stands for mechanical perfection; the Orient, for perfection of a spiritual order. This kind of simplification Tagore refuses to accept. There is no technique without its spiritual side and no spiritual effort that is not somehow realized. The error lies in confusing progress with civilization. Progress can be purely material but civilization is always spiritual, and to make us understand this distinction Tagore tells us a story that he says he read in the *Times*, though he does not know when it came out.

'An aëroplane was about to shell a village. Suddenly the motor stopped and the aëroplane was obliged to descend among the inhabitants whom it had been about to bombard. The women rushed forth and took the aviators under their protection, conducting them to a remote cave and defending them from the inhabitants of the village and from the bombs that other aëroplanes were still dropping. The aëroplane and the bombs represent progress, but the women are the ones who stand for civilization.'

'Can it not be said,' we then asked Tagore, 'that at this moment the West is exercising an influence in the East in the realm of progress, whereas the East is influencing the West in the realm of civilization? In other words, is not the West accepting ideas from the East, whereas the East is only taking from us our inventions?'

Tagore does not agree. Above all, he does not believe in the permanent influence of the East over the West, since in his opinion the underlying quality of the Western mind is not its materialism but its mobility. Just as soon as the Occident has admired something for an hour it is certain to abandon it. It is dominated by fashion, which ap-

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plies not only to clothing but to ideas and personalities. When a writer has been admired for the space of a generation he is rejected, not by any means because his ideas are no longer good or because the new generation is wiser than the one that went before, but simply because Occidentals get tired of their own admiration. The same fate will befall Oriental ideas. The Orient is a fashion in the West, but this fashion will probably not endure.

We then raised the question of how much influence Western inventions enjoy among Oriental peoples.

'Is it possible,' we asked Tagore, 'for you to accept our railways, our wireless, our phonographs, without taking over at least part of our mentality?'

Tagore does not think that the one implies the other. When a nation contains within itself a real civilization, the development of technical appliances, far from detaching this civilization from its own traditions, inevitably helps it to produce all the fruits of which it is capable. The history of Japan exemplifies this idea. At first the Japanese believed that in order to assimilate Western civilization completely they would have to adopt not only its technical forms but its whole spirit. This tendency even produced a movement to make Japan adopt Christianity. Such a conception, however, is childish. When the Japanese wanted to create Western art they produced something less than mediocre, but, when they understood that it was possible to adapt to their old artistic forms the technical means that the Occident had put at their disposition, they produced admirable masterpieces. This is the way that adaptation must be undertaken. If progress were to kill civilization that would be a great misfortune, but nothing of the sort is happening and any real civilization can find within itself material for further development, even and especially when it has new technical resources at its disposition.

Paul Morand Talks Travel

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

WHO WOULD HAVE believed that this new apartment house at the foot of the Eiffel Tower contained such enormous rooms? This one rivals the huge chambers in the Louvre and defies all the economical principles of modern metropolitan architecture. Paul Morand, whom I have come to visit, likes to get wide perspectives of everything. He sets forth on one great journey after another in order to wrest new secrets from the most remote corners of the earth so that he may describe them afterward for the benefit of those of us who will not or cannot leave our accustomed surroundings.

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'How did you happen to take up literature,' I asked him, 'since you originally wanted to become a diplomat?'

'I really did not want to become anything in particular,' he replied, and he made as if to smile, but his clean-shaven face remained serious while his eyes danced. 'I felt no call to be an author but I did not know how to spend my evenings. Thus I began writing, but with no definite end in view. During the War I occupied a diplomatic post in London and there I wrote *Tendres Stocks*, a book of observations on the English woman. I then laid by my pen for three years, which surely indicates that I had no serious literary intentions.

'After the War a very curious and surprising kind of life began, a way of living that lasted until about 1925, when currencies were stabilized. It was a kind of life that is hardly likely to occur again and I wanted to write the history of this interesting period, to paint its picture. That is how *Ouvert la nuit* and *Fermé la nuit* came into being. Unnoticed and against my will I became a novelist. I bade diplomacy farewell—I was never a very good diplomat, anyway, otherwise I should have remained in that profession—and from 1925 to 1930 I tried to write a chronicle of the twentieth century. That is how *La Vie parisienne*, *Bouddha vivant*, *Lampes à arc*, *Magie noire*, and *Champions du monde* came into existence. While I was collecting the material in America for the last of these books, I wrote *New York*, a description of travel in the Marco Polo manner but without ornaments and anecdotes, simply a kind of interesting guidebook, but a complete and accurate one. I wanted to describe America truthfully and make it known to all the world.

'I cannot understand how certain writers like Georges Duhamel, for instance, who are full of enthusiasm for Russia and compare it to a great laboratory, are carried away by blind fury when they discuss America, which is just as interesting a laboratory as Russia. The writer's task is not to turn out pamphlets but to make foreign nations better acquainted with each other and to make them universally comprehensible. It is possible that America, in trying to attain a new high peak of civilization, has taken the wrong road. We can repudiate this road, but we cannot repudiate America, for it is superior to us in many respects, especially in its mechanization and standardization, which are certainly civilized achievements. America is a fine country and the Americans well deserve both love and respect. They look down on us Europeans, for they consider that we are too eager for the main chance. In their love affairs material interests play a comparatively small rôle. Marriages for money occur comparatively seldom in the United States, for the American does not fear the future. He feels himself strong enough to do battle. Being an optimist, he lives on credit and feels that the future is sure to bring him something better.'

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'You are profoundly acquainted with America, M. Morand?'

'Fairly well. I have lived there long enough and have come to know the Americans intimately.'

'HOW long must one stay in a city to get to know it?' I ask this specialist in travel.

'That depends on what city you want to understand, but in any case you must take your time. The most famous sights of universal interest must on no account be missed, and after these have been seen attack whatever subjects possess special interest. But you must not stay too long or you will run the risk of growing used to the most interesting aspects of the city and thus become like the natives, indifferent to seeing.

'It takes, of course, a different length of time to make the acquaintance of each city. New York, for example, can be understood in a short time, whereas one cannot get to know Paris even after a two-year stay. Paris is closed and mysterious, New York is open and forthright. And this applies not only to these two cities but to the whole of France and America and to all Frenchmen and Americans. Whereas a foreigner needs ten years to be received in a good middle-class French provincial family, if indeed he is ever received, it is only a matter of days before he can gain admittance to even a distinguished American family. The reason for this is quite simple. The Frenchman is distrustful, economical. He fears any outsider and suspects the worst of him. The American, on the other hand, has no use for secrecy. He lives a modern life and modern life is open. He interests himself in other people. He conceals nothing, knows his own strength, and gives gladly and freely. He does not wish to appear as anything but what he is. His honesty assumes an equal honesty in his guest. The foreigner makes friends with him more readily than with any European, more easily than with a German or even a Viennese, to say nothing of an Englishman or a Frenchman. I find the Americans extremely sympathetic.'

'Where else have you been?'

'Ask me rather where else I have not been. Everywhere but Polynesia and South America, and these two places I am planning to visit soon. Traveling is not only a pleasure to people of our time but a duty. The earth is an apartment that comes into our possession when we are born. The good proprietor must know his dwelling in order to make an inventory of it. America is the workshop, England the garden, France the kitchen, Germany the music chamber, the North Pole the ice box of this dwelling. Let us investigate every corner so that we may know what we have inherited.'

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'But you have never related any adventures, which, after all, are the chief attractions of all travel, M. Morand.'

'Adventures? What are you talking about, with modern facilities? Pure romance. Steamships, railways, aëroplanes set forth regularly and arrive on the dot. Hotels in the most remote corners of the world receive travelers hospitably. Even in Timbuktu I did not lose a single article of luggage and nowhere has a single unusual thing happened to me. Everything to do with travel now works automatically, and the modern traveler cannot understand how it took Phileas Fogg eighty days to make his way around this little world.'

Keyserling at Fifty

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

ON JULY 20, the philosopher Count Hermann Keyserling celebrated his fiftieth birthday in the castle where Bismarck was born, Schönhausen on the Elbe; for his wife, as everyone knows, is a daughter of Prince Herbert Bismarck. Though still at the peak of his powers, Keyserling can already look back on a life rich alike in success and in adverse strokes of destiny. Born on the feudal estate of Könno in Livonia, he spent his youth as a child of nature, wandering in the forests, taming animals, and doing everything that a young boy with imagination and many solitary hours would be likely to do. The early education he received at home was followed by a period of only two years at the gymnasium at Pernau and then the young count attended the universities of Geneva, Dorpat, Heidelberg, and Vienna, where he studied geology, finally taking a Ph.D. degree.

In Vienna he made the acquaintance of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose personality exercised a strong influence over him and with whom he kept up a correspondence for many years. At this man's instigation he went to Paris, where he wrote his first book, *The Structure of the World*, at the age of twenty-four. What he had to say and his original way of saying it drew the attention of many contemporary scientists to the young count. He traveled until 1908 and spent a long time in both London and Berlin. During this period he wrote *Immortality* and in 1908 took charge of his paternal estates, Raykull and Könno, to which he kept returning from all his many wanderings to pursue his literary work in rustic stillness. In 1910 his *Prolegomena to Natural Philosophy* appeared and in 1911 and 1912 he made the around-the-world trip that he described in his *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, the book that made him famous.

In 1918 the Russian Revolution stripped him of all his possessions.

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Without casting his eyes back on his old home he made a new life for himself in Germany. In 1919 he married Goedela von Bismarck-Schönhausen and in 1920 he founded his School of Wisdom. During these years and the years that followed, the count developed an amazingly fertile skill as a writer and speaker. His books began appearing in rapid succession: *Philosophy As an Art*, *Creative Understanding*, *Politics*, *Economics*, *Wisdom*, *The World in the Making*, *The Book of Marriage*, *Born Again*, *The European Spectrum*. Almost all these books have been translated into modern European languages and thousands of letters in the archives of the School of Wisdom testify to the tremendous influence of the count's writings, both in Germany and abroad.

In 1929, after a four months' lecture tour in the United States, he wrote, in English, because the book was primarily intended for Americans, the work in which his so-called 'creative understanding' first expressed itself in the grand manner, *America Set Free*. Here Count Keyserling assumed what may truly be called the prophetic task of defining the soul of North America, displaying it and thus indicating a purpose toward which its blind forces should work, but the greatness of this task was naturally at first obscured by the counterblasts it aroused. Now he is preparing *South American Meditations*, which will evoke South America in the same way that *America Set Free* evoked North America.

With the smallest material support and standing quite alone, Count Hermann Keyserling has exerted a great influence on every continent. This is chiefly due to the fact that he is a thorough representative of the 'world that is now being born.' His acute feeling and his talent for languages—it takes him scarcely a month to master a new one—enable him to come in direct and close contact with nearly all the most important countries. His most significant task is to grasp intuitively what is necessary for a nation's development and to express this thought in striking terms.

COUNT KEYSERLING does not know what fear of public opinion means. He is not the kind of stay-at-home philosopher who shapes his systems in his little attic. He has no desire to be that kind of man. He wants to merge himself with the larger life around him and it can fairly be said that he has succeeded to a high degree. He has stirred North America as no man before him has done and his trip through South America was a triumphant procession. Early last year he visited Spain, where he described the rebirth of the Spanish spirit in brilliant speeches delivered in Madrid and the provinces, and few men before him have ever won such gratefulness and affection.

Just a word about the much discussed School of Wisdom, which is

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celebrating its tenth anniversary this year. It represents the objectified spiritual centre of Count Keyserling. Receiving its material support from the Society of Free Philosophy, whose members live in all parts of the world, the School of Wisdom has set itself the task of shaping a living tradition and setting forth the new attitude toward life that its founder represents. Its large meetings raise vital problems in 'orchestral form,' as Count Keyserling says. At its smaller sessions the count works out his new experiences with his circle of collaborators. Thus in 1928 North America became the topic, background, and object of attack, and in 1930 South America filled this rôle. The School of Wisdom is a bubbling spring of life, constantly becoming new, hostile to any routine, productive, and often consciously contradictory. Its meaning and methods are already known throughout the world. In the most remote countries Keyserling has already found thinkers who have assimilated his impulses. There is no question that Count Hermann Keyserling possesses some of the most important spiritual capacities of any man now living. May both he and his work continue for many years to come.

Harold Laski—Political Philosopher

By Arnaud Dandieu

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

THE COUNTRY of the *Esprit des lois* and of the *Contrat social*, the country of Proudhon and Sorel does not seem to have produced so far during this century any men or works worthy of its great traditions. We have some remarkable economists and learned historians but aside from the doctrines of Charles Maurras, France has produced no original political theory. It is therefore highly comforting to find in a man like Harold Laski, who yields place to none in erudition and enthusiasm, a rejuvenated echo of French doctrines subtly allied to a thoroughly British empiricism.

Before occupying the chair of political science at the London School of Economics, where his success increases from year to year, Laski, a brilliant graduate of Oxford, worked with President Wilson. He has made a vast personal investigation of the chief statesmen of Europe. He is an influential member of the Labor Party although he has always remained aloof from active political life, having refused, for instance, to stand for the surest Labor seat in England, the one that was later conferred on Ramsay MacDonald. Laski is now believed to be very close to the British Prime Minister.

This professor, a full career already behind him, has not yet reached

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his prime. He owes his influence to his ardor and fighting spirit even more than to his knowledge. His sojourn at Harvard and elsewhere in the United States, where he gained numerous friends and admirers, was marked by numerous events in which he affirmed himself as an exponent of youthful European liberalism in the face of the authoritative conformity of a world that pretends to be new.

For the problem of authority is the one around which all Laski's work revolves. From his first book, *The Problem of Sovereignty*, to his last, *The Dangers of Obedience*, all his labors have been opposed to absolute state sovereignty, and he champions the doctrine of pluralism, which issued from the Reformation and the Renaissance, rather than the monist doctrine, which has a theocratic origin. Several of Laski's works have become classics in England: *Authority in the Modern State*, *Political Thought from Locke to Bentham*, *Foundations of Sovereignty*, and above all his *Grammar of Politics*. Many of these books should be translated into French, but most important of all is his little volume on Communism, the only clear and impartial explanation of the Marxian system and how it is applied. But another book, entitled *Liberty in the Modern State*, contains the doctrine that presents most clearly his personality and his teachings.

IN discussing reform of the state, no one has seriously raised the question of whether the two words, 'modern' and 'state,' can be reconciled. It is easy to recognize that a disease has spread beyond our daily political life, a disease from which all political philosophy is suffering. Yet no legislators, either professional or benevolent, no representatives of executive power are willing to place their problems on a philosophic level. Of course, they often pretend to have no interest in such matters on the pretext that they are realists, though what they really fear is being touched in their fundamentally weak spots. It is no less true that the question of the essence and function of the state is thrusting itself forward in more and more immediate terms. Because Laski has met this issue squarely without side-stepping and with a lucid passion, he is entitled to occupy henceforth a privileged place in international thought; indeed, his own advance guard of intellectual aristocrats in the two English-speaking countries has already consigned to him this position.

Laski is an individualist first and foremost. If he is a follower of Marx it is only in so far as Marxian faith and tactics can be considered capable of freeing the individual from the economic yoke. As many of his articles testify—Laski contributes to most of the chief English and American reviews—he has a profound knowledge not only of the psychology of the French Revolution but of the great prerevolutionary

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thinkers, notably Rousseau. On the other hand, his economic science is supplemented, to a rare and perhaps unique degree, by his historical and psychological abilities. How many errors historians and economists would avoid if they did not hermetically seal themselves in their respective methods!

Collectivism in regard to property, individualism in regard to people, these are the two poles of Laski's thought as it presents itself in *Liberty in the Modern State*. The introduction contains perhaps the best, or at any rate the most representative, pages he has written and this sentence sums them up: 'Authority does not owe its existence to its power of action but to its power of conviction, and conviction is born of consent for the simple reason that the real field of social action is the mind of the individual.' Laski is well aware of the revolutionary content of his thesis but he has an answer to any objections that may be made. 'My doctrine involves an element of anarchy. It admits the right to revolt. All right, what then? Order is not the supreme good and revolt has not always been wrong.'

The origin of progress as well as the measure of progress resides in the individual. 'Liberty consists in being faithful to one's self. It is, in short, the courage to resist.' Starting from this principle, Laski in his second chapter studies the problem of liberty of thought which liberty of association implies. From the problem of censorship to the syndicalist problem, especially the syndicalism of government employees, all possible conflicts between the law and the expression of new tendencies are passed in brief, adroit review. Finally, in a third portion of the book economic and national problems appear. Here the questions become infinitely delicate and complex, because the tendency toward equalization involves an element of state control. But, as a socialist redistribution of property is evolved, liberty, hitherto oppressed by social inequality, should bring forth an increase of individual possibilities. It is at this point in his thought that the will to resist any fixed abstract doctrine affirms itself.

IN spite of his hostility to all systems, Laski adopts a method as patient as it is brilliant, and takes us on a grand tour of that political domain half of which already exists and half of which belongs to the morrow. His pluralism, which is growing more and more concrete, not only sets up the individual as against the law but strikes a balance between various conflicting groups and individuals. When the nation and its laws become almost perfect, that is to say, adequate to their living essence and able to command consent, they will simply serve to express the state of balance thus achieved. We are shown the limits beyond which state and law, having lost through their very perfection all stability and rigidity,

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will pass into the domain of pure ideas, a domain toward which such an anti-Platonist as Laski does not cast any envious glances.

Laski's pluralism seems infinitely more fruitful, original, and practical than the social conformism and rather naïve monism of Ramsay MacDonald, who seems to think that society is dominated by a debonair God whom individuals serve with growing enthusiasm and from whom they receive better and better treatment. But Laski leaves certain problems in the air. In his *Liberty in the Modern State* I think I discern a fundamental difficulty, the kind that men of his type necessarily encounter, men who are more eager for fruitful discussion than for massive construction that is as vain as it is theoretical. In the first place I ask myself how it is possible to reconcile the powerful statements in the introduction concerning the reality of the individual and his inalienable right to revolt with the portions of his conclusion that plead for reason, justice, and tolerance. If reason is something abstract one relapses into accepting arbitrary decisions based more or less on experience. If, on the other hand, reason expresses itself in a statistical law the resulting solution is no better. 'One law for the lion and ox is oppression,' said Blake. But Laski's impelling individualism would not permit the lion and the ox to lose their distinctive characters, for both have a right to happiness although happiness is not the same thing to each of them. I do not mean to say that Laski's ideal is chimerical. On the contrary, it represents the ingenious logical development of the Anglo-Saxon principle of giving every man his chance. What remains to be decided is the direction in which one should move to preserve the liberty that Laski has so well defined.

Just as individual sentiment and impersonal reason stand at opposite poles, so do revolution and evolution conflict. Individuals, minorities, and exploited groups will either seek to affirm themselves against the community and the sovereign state and will want to win emancipation through violence or else they will grow more conscious of their respective needs and desires and will form into confederations like the League of Nations, the Second International, or the Inter-Parliamentary Union. In a word, progress will either come from below in sudden irrational leaps or it will occur from above insensibly and logically. Quite possibly both processes exist together and complement each other in accordance with the principles of Hegel, but they are fundamentally opposite and the question is to decide which process should be accentuated. The placing of this accent will determine the direction that is to be given to all political, moral, and social propaganda.

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Heine's unpublished preface to the French translation of his *Reisebilder* is devoted to interpreting the Germany of a century ago. It is as rich in historic parallels as in historic allusions.

Last Words

By HEINRICH HEINE

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

INTRODUCTION

By ERNST ELSTER

HEINE always maintained that one of his great life tasks was to make himself an intellectual interpreter between the two nations to which his birth, destiny, and nature had made him belong: France and Germany.

Much of what he struggled for he attained and he performed a labor well worth the noblest efforts. But in the course of his activities he was hampered in many important respects. The first translation of Heine's works, which was brought out by Eugène Renduel, the publisher for the whole French romantic movement, was by no means a perfect job, and the sale of the book suffered accordingly. It is therefore easy to understand why, twenty years later, Heine, who had become better acquainted with the French mentality and the French language, undertook a new French edition of his works to be brought out by Michel Lévy Frères in Paris with changes and improvements. In 1854 he began translating *Lutezia*, for which he wrote an important preface and which won an unexpected success. Soon after that, when he was preparing to publish his work on Germany entitled *De l'Allemagne*, he became convinced that he could not continue without giving a fundamental explanation of his intentions and of his position in the intellectual life of the time. It was this necessity that brought into being his excellent work entitled *Geständnisse*, which won applause and admiration not only in France but in Germany as well.

The third great enterprise that Heine wanted to add to the new French edition of his works was a

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striking revision of his *Reisebilder*. This was in more ways than one the hardest task of all and we can only regret that he could not push it through to a finish. But, in any event, a diligent reader could easily recognize that the *Tableaux de voyage*, which appeared in 1858, two years after the death of its author, contained some splendid fruits of Heine's labors. The French text was much more firm and the faint Germanic flavor of the first edition had quite vanished. The arrangement of the chapters, which followed the arrangement of one of the German editions, was also more satisfactory. But all of this did not suffice. Even this book of travel, in fact, this book above all others, needed some guide to give the reader a better understanding of its contents. Heine therefore took up his pen once more with a view to supplying this necessary element in a preface. A portion of this preface was published by Adolf Strodtmann in 1869 and another part by Jules Legras in 1879, but neither of these publications is of much importance and neither attracted much attention. The most important introduction remained concealed among the papers Heine left behind him and has apparently escaped the notice of the few people who have ever seen them.

It was my good fortune long ago to have appraised at a much higher value Heine's literary leavings and after immense labors I made my researches public in my treatise on the Strauss Heine collection published in Marburg in 1929. This valuable collection now belongs to the banker, Albert Strauss of Frankfurt-am-Main, having been left to him by his brother, Karl Strauss. It is to be preserved in Marburg, and I alone have been able to make literary use of it. It includes many hundred pages in Heine's handwriting, both verse and prose, completed pieces and fragments, written during his good times and during his periods of deep depression. It is a collection of unparalleled interest.

I AM now bringing to light the most valuable item in the whole collection, nineteen pages of double folio leaves folded diagonally and written on in pencil in the familiar, strong, definite script that Heine wrote until the very end of his life. As is always the case with his work, they contain numerous corrections. They are written in German and form the hitherto unknown preface to the French editions of the *Reisebilder*. If Heine had attacked the task a few years sooner, say in the early part of 1853 instead of just before he died, he would certainly have written something different from what lies before us now. Long passages in his letters have explained how eager he was to counteract the poisonous antireligious flavor that infected this book, but as the years 1855 and 1856 passed he came to believe that such a plan could not be carried out. By this time other questions obsessed him. He was worried about how he could revise some of the work he had written long ago and how he could especially appeal to the contemporary French public, the public of Napoleon III.

To make this appeal another introduction was needed to explain the intellectual atmosphere in which his youthful work was written. Long ago, in June 1832, Heine had already discussed the same project. He spoke

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then of the new libertarian republican movement and especially of the activities of Dr. Wirth shortly after the July Revolution, saying, 'Who, before July 1830, would have been able to imagine such a change! Goethe with his lullabies, the religious bigots with all their childishness, hypnotizers of every description had put Germany to sleep, and, far and wide, everything lay in motionless slumber. But only men's bodies were bound by sleep. Their souls, which were imprisoned in these bodies, retained a strange, dim consciousness.

'The writer of these pages was wandering at that time as a young man through the German countryside observing these sleeping people. I saw the pain on their faces, I studied their physiognomies, I laid my hand on their hearts, and they began to speak in their sleep in strange, broken sentences that revealed their secret thoughts. The guardians of the people, with their golden nightcaps pulled far down over their ears, sat on red upholstered chairs, heavily swathed in ermine mantles, sleeping and snoring too. When I entered their presence with my knapsack and stick, I sang and talked loudly, revealing what I had seen on the faces of these sleeping people and what the sighs of their hearts had told me. I was perhaps the only man who made himself heard during that inarticulate time, not because I spoke so loud but because I spoke at all while others kept silent or merely grumbled in their sleep.'

If I am to follow this second phase of Heine's thought, from which the introduction that follows arose, and in which he attempts to stimulate an artificial renaissance of the Napoleon legend, I must not conceal a discovery that I recently chanced upon. Heine had kept in touch with the French Ministry for Culture which Hippolyte Fortoul had headed since 1852, and these relations had brought him certain advantages. The sweeping homage that Heine paid to Napoleon III is here brilliantly revealed and in reading his preface I could not help feeling that Heine's words had not fallen on deaf ears in so far as the French government was concerned. But in style his writings remind us of certain turns of expression in the so-called Waterloo passage of the *Geständnisse:*—

'Among the members of the Provisional Government of the year 1848 there was not a single man who had anything in common with that destroyer of peace, that mischief-maker, that frightful Corsican good-for-nothing who attacked the police forces in all the capitals of the world, who smashed windows wherever he went, and treated our worthy monarchs as if they were hotel porters, disturbing their night's sleep and demanding the silver hair of their heads. Our crowned *Pipelets* could enjoy their night's rest in peace under the rule of the French Provisional Government.'

As soon as we identify the sleepy German monarchs of the preface as the poor innkeepers being disturbed by that bad little urchin, Bonaparte, that destroyer of peace and good-for-nothing who woke them from their rest, we at once recognize that Heine is falling into one of his favorite practices, and using again on a different occasion certain ways of thinking and talking that once pleased him. Many more examples of this could be given, but let us proceed to the introduction itself.

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France and Germany

By Heinrich Heine

WHILE I AM PUTTING this book in the hands of the French reader I must beg him not to forget, as he reads, when and where it was written. If he does not steadfastly recall the place and time of this book's origin and appearance, he will not be in a position to judge the work itself and he might often find himself misunderstanding the best intentions of the author. To remedy an oblique understanding, I am explicitly pointing out that this book was not written by a Frenchman but by a German on German soil and that most of it was written between the years 1826 and 1828. Only two small fragments, the 'Schnabelewopski' and the 'Florentine Nights,' are products of a later time. The whole book belongs to a period that is known in Germany as the period following the War of Liberation and that is called the Restoration era in France.

The man who attempts to compare contemporary life in France and Germany during that period may well wonder at the contrasts that presented themselves and he will recognize certain conditions there that can in no way be compared with conditions here. The Rhine not only separated two countries, but two worlds of different temperatures. The sun wore a quite different face beyond that river from the one it wore on this side in your country. German clouds were grayer. The nightingales kept silent but the dogs barked louder. The oak trees rustled very gently and the roses looked as if they suffered from catarrh. All life seemed to have dissolved forever. Nothing but stagnation, lethargy, and yawning could be found.

With you in France, on the other hand, at any rate on the banks of the Seine, everything seemed to be green and blooming. The buds were preparing to open and to spread new odors on the air. You had suffered defeat on the field of battle and since you were not accustomed to such things, having gone from triumph to triumph for the past twenty years, you could not bear up under this destiny, as we had learned to do under similar circumstances, and support it with Christian indifference. For it galled you particularly that you had been surprised by warriors who had often bit the dust at your feet. Suffering from ill humor at such a misfortune, you sought compensation or activity or amusement in the intellectual field. The old soldiers hung up their swords and devoted their strength, courage, and passion to every branch of industry, science, and art; and one can well say that during the peaceful period of the Restoration French genius developed to its fullest extent, bringing forth national wealth in the form of fresh, youthful literature that won the admiration of the world.

But after the July Revolution this verve disappeared. Nature was less exclusively cultivated. A materialist national economy checked the further growth of virtue in life as well as in literature and scarcely more than two or three new names appeared. But the tyranny that existed under that dreadful madman, Louis XVIII, and that cannibal, Charles X, could not suppress the French *joie de vivre*. Indeed, I believe that opposition to the oppressive gray Bourbons first made the nation truly conscious of its in-

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destructible youthfulness. These two Jesuits and Junkers were a real godsend to the witty inclinations of the loiterers, of the song-writers, and of the tirading orators on the people's tribunes. Freedom was fermenting in every class among you. The censor can do small harm in a country where people talk a lot. Everything was costume and discipline. Life flowed and bubbled like champagne. *C'était le bon temps.* You laughed a lot then and were happy and light-hearted.

This extraordinary blossoming of France, coming as it did immediately after the disastrous campaigns of 1813 and 1814, is a phenomenon scarcely paralleled in world history. Usually such activity follows a great victory, as happened in Greece when the Persian invasion was repulsed. But perhaps the blow to French national pride encouraged the tremendous outburst of energy; the nation felt that its honor was involved, and then, too, the wonderful elasticity of the Gallic character must be considered.

WITH us Germans, things took quite a different turn, but with us, too, an equally abnormal phenomenon invites attention. Our country, having won a national victory and freed itself from foreign oppression, might have been expected to enter a tremendous period of fresh development, but something quite contrary occurred and, as I have already remarked, our public and private life was dominated by the weakest kind of obstinacy, ill humor, and lassitude. The reasons for this condition lie hidden and one must not attempt to explain everything on the ground of political reaction. One of the chief causes for our apathy was that we overdid everything before and during the War of Liberation. During the period of Napoleon's rule over Germany, in the long days of our political dishonor, particularly after the defeats at Jena and Austerlitz, the German spirit fled to the realms of science, philosophy, and poetry, to the kingdom of dreams. It was at that time that our greatest writers and thinkers created their masterpieces and with but few exceptions hardly any great German authors have appeared since then, and the creations of that period established the canons of our great literature. Such efforts are inevitably followed by a period of literary unconsciousness such as we experienced during the Restoration. Then, too, we had the right to be rather tired after we had helped to overthrow a giant like Napoleon Bonaparte from his colossal height, even though we were helped by a million allied barbarians. We could not regain our breath. We were tired out and all our bones seemed to be broken. We needed a little stretch of leisure in which to enjoy our beer and tobacco. Great elasticity is not one of the chief characteristics of the Germanic nation. The sons of Hermann and Thusnelda lay among their bear skins. They licked their young, told them of their great deeds, and many of the young thus started snoring, carelessly trusting everything to God and to their thirty-six monarchs whom He had set above us.

If I am to tell the truth I must admit that the awakening process was very disastrous, when all these young ones saw how little their dear princes deserved the great trust that had been placed in them and how poorly these

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princes were repaying the sacrifice that had just been made in their behalf. For essentially the Germans had not finally fought because of the few handfuls of potatoes that the French troops ate but rather because of the ill-treatment that their princes tolerated at the hands of Napoleon. It was a painful sight for German pride to look upon when we saw this fiery-headed Frenchman, like a swaggering Paris gamin at whom the concierge grumbles, making our beloved nobility suffer all manner of heart-aches. He did not even give them enough sleep at night and, when they made some mistake on this account, he would suddenly appear at the gates of the city with a hundred thousand urchins like him and raise such an uproar that our crowned heads lost their sight and hearing.

Perhaps they had been too conceited as they lay comfortably with their peaceful nightcaps pulled down over their ears and crowns, snoring peacefully only to be suddenly awakened by a frightful shout and by rattling and clanging at the door. With the danger of being shot from behind they had to arise hurriedly, putting on their uniforms. And what did the man want of them? He wanted a wisp of honorable hair from their noble heads and this wretched joke had no end. To-day it would be, '*Roi de Prusse, donne moi une mèche de tes cheveux!*' To-morrow morning it would be, '*Roi d'Hanovre, donne moi tes cheveux!*' and the day after he would ask for the whole wig of a German potentate. He cost them the hairs on their heads and we could not look at their bald pates without weeping. They wept with us in their hour of need and in their anxiety promised their people all kinds of constitutions, freedom and equality, the loveliest kind of things with which they hoped to weaken the grip that that fatal peace-destroyer had fastened about their throats.

WE DID their bidding, but although we would have done their bidding in any case it was grievous and even tragic that our nobles, when we freed them from Napoleon's yoke, left their fine promises unfulfilled. Many of us complained that we should be considered fools and began to grumble in speech and writing, but such people were imprisoned or made destitute, some were sentenced to lifelong investigation, many fled abroad. Still others kept silent or plunged into religious resignation, turning into mystics and pietists. A reaction set in against all liberalism, against any spontaneous, free manifestation of life. Only the pious enjoyed themselves and obscurantism ruled both in the Protestant and Catholic churches. The mediæval ghost of chivalry rose from its coffin and tried to make its yellowest vellum documents accepted everywhere.

And above all was the censorship. The German, unlike the Frenchman, who is much more communicative by word of mouth, cannot so easily be deprived of his press. The worst thing about the censorship was that it made men fear their own words. Scholars obscured what they had to say more than ever in scholastic formulas and so-called scientific talk which the police agents could not understand and which they sometimes believed to be magic words with which they could exorcise the revolutionary

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spirit, as, for instance, when Altenstein, the Prussian minister, showed so little understanding of Hegel that he gave him his protection.

Literature suffered more than anything else. On the stage the tearful Huwald, the prosaic Müllner, the shallow Raupach, and fat Madame Birch-Pfeiffer flourished. Novel readers were provided with nothing but the trivial obscenities of Herr Clauren, Madame Schopenhauer's novels of renunciation, and Van der Velde's dull imitations of Sir Walter Scott. In the lyrical forests of oaks and lindens the Swabian school was twittering, poor little siskins without a thought in their heads. Only in the university taverns did a fresh breeze blow and wings of enlightenment fan the air. Here only the traditions of true humanity never vanished. Some book was bound to emerge from this world of students to awaken the German spirit from its slumbers, to refresh with new health both life and literature, and to put an end to this old apathy. Even the speech of this youthful opposition represented a protest against routine, against academic pedantry and philistinism in all its forms, and it also seemed to be the prototype of a way of thinking and writing that a certain author was the first man to bring to full development a few years later when he called the whole so-called youth of Germany to life.

I am this author and the book I speak of is the *Reisebilder*, which broke like a thunderstorm during a time of dreariness and decay.

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A great American contemporary becomes the text for a sermon on Anglo-American culture. Like all leaders in the *Times Literary Supplement* this essay bears no signature. It needs none.

John Jay CHAPMAN

By A 'TIMES' REVIEWER

From the *Times Literary Supplement*
London Literary Weekly

THE INTERMINGLING influences of American and English letters, which are constantly nearing reciprocity, offer a rich field for speculation to anyone interested in the conditions of culture and the growth of the mind. There are obvious reasons for believing that the Americans have a dominant part to play in the next few centuries; their confidence is justified. Their difficulty is, of course, the size of the country; but size itself, which in the past has been a hindrance, is beginning, one might almost say, to be a requirement. A population of a hundred millions seems to involve unmanageable redundancies, yet less unmanageable, under modern conditions, it may be, on a great continent than a population of forty millions on a small island. The mental soil and climate in the United States have many resemblances to those which enabled England, a thousand years ago, to lay the foundations of self-governing freedom. The Americans possess, though nothing obliges them to acknowledge it, an aristocracy of race, manners, and intelligence which is a leaven for the people at large, setting the tone in society and dictating aims and values. They have a fruitful intermixture of races: all Europe goes to them; they draw the more enterprising types from every country. And they have, what England did not get till Elizabeth's time, the stimulus of unique material opportunities, in the huge, luxurious continent which is theirs to exploit. Then, on top of all, comes for them, as for the rest of us, the thrill and zest of the novel means of exploitation given to humanity by scientific research. Being little committed to traditional forms, the new gifts are second nature to them. Beside the

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humdrum, earth-bound calculations of other men, the American in his nonchalant freshness is as one who steps into an aëroplane and with roaring engine sails off among the clouds.

Different nations have, in the past, commonly developed different languages; and the necessity of learning the language if we are to understand the people has automatically secured attention to the differing assumptions, the different styles of thought, the different legacy of tradition, which the unfamiliar words partly symbolize and partly constitute. The fact that the Americans use the same language that we do, that the Bible and Chaucer and Shakespeare are as much theirs as ours, tends, by obliterating the usual distinctions of nationality, to generate an illusion of substantial sameness out of which disappointments spring and an exaggeration of the more trifling differences. To say that the language is the same is itself an example of that illusion. Americans have their own English, often preserving old usages that we have lost. But English is vital, and they are prolific in new ideas and new uses, many of which rouse our unthinking resentment, as much as our indifference or assumed infallibility arouses theirs. Yet we are both in our rights. Dividing circumstances would normally have produced a different speech; it is only because books are printed and the voice traverses the ocean that the same symbols continue to serve. The moral of it all is that we need to examine the similarities and the differences between ourselves and the Americans much more carefully than we commonly find time to do, if both are to yield their advantages.

A curious by-product of this common confusion, this presumption of intimacy covering radical differences of background and breeding, is the release sometimes accorded to the Englishman in America and to the American, more often the American woman, in England. A man's fellow countrymen see his faults more quickly than his virtues, and being insisted on, they stifle him, where appreciation, putting him on his mettle, brings his virtues to flower. The prophet is not honored in his own country, and outside it he usually has no organ for his prophecies. To-day he has only to cross the water and at once he is free from the shackles of neighborly prejudice and the blindness of the eyes that see only what is familiar. Is it an accident that the most compelling voice in contemporary philosophy is that of an Englishman at Harvard, and that one of the most influential living critics is an American in London? And is there not significance, too, in the fact that the American's is on the whole a rebuking, lowering voice, while the Englishman's is inventive and audacious? It looks as if we were beginning to be dull of hearing in this country, when enterprise is in the air, and to plume ourselves on our sophistication and our sufficiency; while, over there, it is correction that is unpopular and the suggestion that there are limits to happiness and power. Illusion, of course, enters strongly into many of these transported reputations: a rumor, born of mystery, surrounds a man and he avails himself of it to become more mysterious, till at last his surmises are received as an arbitrament and he is an oracle of taste. We need a special apparatus of criticism for the assessment of values in this huge market. The

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man who leaves his country is not always its best representative; if, being unpopular, he stays in it, it may well be that what he has to say is specially deserving of our attention.

SUCH a writer, we believe, is Mr. John Jay Chapman, who is, first and foremost, an American and a patriot, and as a patriot, and a man in whom ideas are action, inevitably a reformer; a man full of faith in the destiny of his race and therefore merciless in outspoken criticism of its blunderings; himself, too, though so fearless in criticism, not primarily a critic, but an enthusiast, a poet, caught up on that high wave of hope and happiness which has turned the heads of his fellow countrymen, and himself, from first to last, boyishly and lovably hot-headed, even to that mingling denunciation and disregard of money which is such an inadequate defense against the wiles of ever-watchful Mammon. At once candid and audacious, the rare spice of Mr. Chapman's personality comes of its happy combination of the cosmopolitan liveliness of New York, of which he is a citizen, with all those long-suffering New England pieties of which Emerson was the first and is still the most authentic voice. His first considerable literary effort was an essay on Emerson—it was published nearly thirty years ago; and his first impulse, Emerson inspiring him, was to throw himself into the mêlée of state and city politics, resolved to track the dragon, corruption, to its lair. He has written, or course, mainly for the American public; that is his virtue; and much of his strongest work has been given to the exposure and analysis of certain phenomena peculiar to American life. English readers have no call to interest themselves in the methods of the boss or the money magnate or to follow the serpentine course of American educational ideals. But Mr. Chapman's perspicacity and directness on matters like these are an indication already of the spirit in which he approaches literature. He is human and whole-hearted, a worshiper of the arts as showing life in its flower, but impatient of exotic cultivation or of the separation of the flower from the stem. He is a lover of words, he handles them expertly, and sometimes, sincere as he is, is led away by the lure of virtuosity into clever slashes for effect. But his writing is seldom good enough to be read for sheer pleasure in the style; it is read, as the best things in English always have been read, for the sense of the man behind it. And this man, it is hardly necessary to say, is a man who understands England.

A charming passage, in a charming little book of recent date,—in which he has written of Shakespeare with an eye for boys and girls at school and yet has spoken of him very penetratively and with a penetration much like Raleigh's,—describes how, during the War, at times when the scales seemed to be turning against us, certain scenes, 'fragmentary memories' of Shakespeare and his age, would come to his mind as types of all that was menaced by the German onslaught; and this War experience, he says, gave him a new clue to English literature:—

> A sense of personal safety is one of the elements that is felt all through English letters. It is the climate in which the English genius, which is the genius of happiness, developed. How similar in spirit is all the joyous part of English fiction, from Chaucer to Surtees's

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sporting books! The rapture of mere existence is in all this work. It has been made without intention; and the substratum of it is common life, good humor, observation, courage, an indeterminate way of living, and an abundance of force. The English write as they live—in the moment.

The whole passage is highly sympathetic. Mr. Chapman is not an authority on Shakespeare, and has certainly never wished to be an authority on anything. He launches, here and elsewhere, opinions which will surprise specialists. He has so little gift for learning that, writing of a fellow countryman and a contemporary, Whitman, he can allow prejudice to feed on glaring inaccuracies. But, except when prejudice disturbs him, he has an exceptional flair for those living values which all the apparatus of scholarship exists to preserve, though for so many conscientious, plodding minds it merely buries them. No poet has suffered more than Shakespeare from the heaping up about him by industrious burrowers of the slag heaps of opinion. It is a refreshment to hear the comments of a writer who goes straight for the essential, who judges the play as a play and the characters by their appearances and their relation to the story. Yet, if he can do this, it is not for lack of appreciation of the enduring and universal significances:—

The use of great men is to bind the world together. Everybody knows of them, thinks and writes about them, till they become portions of the common mind. An aftercomer can not tell his own story, or even see life clearly, without reference to those who have controlled the world's thought in the past. And thus the names of great men become a part of the elemental power of language itself. Shakespeare's works touch our life and mind at all points, and he is himself behind most of our critical perceptions. He illumines our atmosphere, and the prismatic lights and shadows that he casts through each generation are moving and transitory things.

A POET rather than a critic, Mr. Chapman is also a lover of adventure and an inspirer to it; he is a hero-worshiper and has heroic stuff in his veins. It was part of his life's poetry that his eldest son was among the first Americans to fight for France—was in fact the first American pilot shot down by the Germans. The spirit of his father was at work in him. But the War is over and the categories of heroism seem to have been exhausted. The leveling mechanism of modern life is an unfavorable influence, and youth's strong bent toward daring only too often takes conventional forms—which shall drink the most or drive the fastest; for the standardization of personality affects even our ideas of personal prowess. Yet this is but to say that our day has its difficulties; and all past days had theirs. Courage was always mainly a convention. The chances of exceptional distinction—the solitary flight, the Polar, the mountaineering expedition—are various and improbable still; and if imagination be the stronghold of true courage and its chief enemy the soulless exactitudes of inert ideas, there is but greater scope for its essential exercise as the environment grows hostile and drives it to its ultimate stronghold—originative, individual action. Mr. Chapman's thought and influence are full of the strong, basic heroism which is, in the present day, at once our great opportunity and our great need; in his vision personal truth is the one solid and satisfying adventure, all the rest being fairy tale and make-believe, the flags and

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music and bright uniforms mere symbols of the battle. In this spirit he wrote the life of William Lloyd Garrison, who was first in America to see that if freedom were truth slavery could not be connived at; who gave his life to that cause and saw it triumph. And he is himself everywhere a champion of freedom against slavery, of those who act responsibly against those who follow the herd, having absorbed with his native air, it may be, a certain disinclination to observe that our freedoms conflict, and that it is a part of the social problem at all times to secure significant freedom, even if universal freedom is postponed thereby; for the ideal itself is better postponed than annihilated.

Obviously, a man of this stamp subdues mind and hand to the domestic tameness of literary avocations against the grain: his pen is a weapon; he is impatient of the slow calculations in which it works; and when he treats of comparative values and secondary significances, of the multitudinous adjustments and compensations which go to the make-up of books and their authors, he is not always in his element. We shall look to him rather to refresh our resolution than our judgment; and we shall enjoy his writing most when a certain fascination of emulation possesses him, when he is feeling the pulse of greatness and renewing the spirit of great men. Only a few years ago he published an essay on Dante, with illustrative translations which included several whole cantos, and the marking traits of Dante's character, as well what was repugnant in him as what was admirable, were not less faithfully exhibited than the Titanic simplicity and unrelenting justice of his diction. Elsewhere we find him studying Michelangelo, Balzac, the genius of Greek tragedy; and it is in themes like these that he is at home. As civilization advances there is increasing danger of disintegration in the multiplicity of the interests and affairs of men; and no activity is more vulnerable than the arts, with their tribes of sensitized specialists engrossed in distinctions and subtleties known only to themselves and convinced that æsthetic gratification is the end of life. The plain man knows them wrong, but he is worried when he sees knowledge and refinement ranked against him; and if he gives up his plainness he gives up his conscience, and with it, if he speaks English, the best part of his æsthetic inheritance. Mr. Chapman is untouched by any breath of this sophisticated trifling. He tells American artists quite candidly that America and the lives and feelings of Americans are and always must be their theme and their school. He knows the parts inseparable from the whole, and the necessity, for true appreciation, of acknowledging their subservience.

IN SHORT, Mr. Chapman is one of those writers to whom we go, not for any special kind of enlightenment, but for personal intercourse; and he is most worth reading when some great issue engages him, because he is then most roused and becomes most completely himself. Not that he cannot be misled; and he would not be of his country if his danger were not chiefly in his ideals. His weakest judgments are those that owe most to sheer enthusiasm, as when he claims Froebel as a man 'who made a statement of the universe more comprehensive, a

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philosophy more universal than any other of which we have any record' and adds 'but this is not the most important thing he did.' England is the home of uncontrolled opinion; but in praise like that there is an extravagant irrelevance against which an English writer of Mr. Chapman's mark would somehow be protected. Confident individualism has no guarantee against accidents; it would be pedantry to think them of importance when they occur; and it is part of Mr. Chapman's native Americanism to discount them in advance. 'Produce great individuals, the rest follows' is his creed in a nutshell, as it was Emerson's and Whitman's; and his quarrel with his country is that it produces masses of individuals, not great ones. That, perhaps, is the main trouble with the propaganda of individualism, with that summons to Everyman, which Mr. Chapman can pronounce as heartily as Emerson did before him, to impersonate truth and justify the indwelling deity; it is a summons promptly answered by glib mouths who fill the world with their self-importance, while the answer hoped for, the slow response of those who have fruit to ripen and whose roots go deep, is choked in its own natural reserve or never audible in the shallow clamor.

Meantime, though we, like Mr. Chapman, may tend to think of America as too ready to sacrifice the divine exception, among her citizens, to the divine average, we have to reckon with the happy fact that he is himself a characteristic product: that the strength and radiance and lovingkindness we find on every page he writes have flowered in him because circumstance was on the whole congenial; here is no rebel or reactionary, but one who floats on a full tide and owes most to his country for the very qualities which he has made most his own. Naturally enough it has been his tendency, as his mind matured, to detach himself, as Emerson did, from struggles in the arena and to care more and more about the spiritual attitude of the combatants, their tolerance, their patience, their integrity. So his more recent utterances have been explicitly religious in their bearing; and here at last the true virtue of his prevailing candor is completely exhibited, for he appears as one of the very few writers who can speak freshly and directly of the life of Christ. Of what use to us, after all, are the mountains if, as we march, we leave them even farther and farther in our rear? Our religion itself, our religion above all else, only lives in that present perception, that present decision in which all reality is focused. The continual applicability of Christ's sayings, Mr. Chapman suggests, comes of the perfection of that focus in them:—

> We sometimes ask ourselves: 'In what possible manner can we resemble Christ, who are born to social conditions, domestic habits, and natural endowments so different?' There is one condition in which we all exactly resemble Him; we never know or can know what step we are about to take. The pivotal moment is eternal, normal, the same in us as in Him. I believe it is this fact that makes His words so effective. They always express the movement of a decision. They are always incidental, spontaneous—part of His soul's drama. We overhear them, and they become a part of ours.

THE frame of Mr. Chapman's thought is always Emersonian, and it is certainly a weakness in his general equipment that the idealist background is too easily assumed. Yet,

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without being of comparable stature with Emerson, he is of a more acceptable and more enlivening tone, because of his preoccupation with the foreground; and, of course, his foregrounds have been much richer and more various than Emerson's; for he has none of the instinct of the recluse. Emerson seems often to foster ineffectiveness in his very security that all works for good. Mr. Chapman, with the same mystical precaution and assurance, brings lofty thoughts to the test of daily problems. This comes out with admirable clearness in his comments on a certain Indian saint, in whom he recognized 'the sign and symbol of a power circumfused about the earth, qualifying everything, entering everywhere,' a man 'wholly subdued to his beliefs'; and he contrasts

the domestic miscellaneousness of Christ's teaching. The fireside, the crib, social life, common facts, friendship, business—all these matters seem to be Christ's field. He reaches the heart of a mystery incidentally in reaching the heart of some man: Cast out the beam out of thine own eye. Go and do likewise. Forbid them not. The symbolic meaning flows out of the primary meaning. The mysticisms of the East begin with symbolism and never reach an application. 'I am not sure that I have intellect enough to follow your doctrine,' says the Christian to the Buddhist. 'What is the bearing of your thought upon the position of women in the East?'

The problem of to-day, whether we call it the problem of democracy or of emancipation, whether we consider it in relation to order and decency or to truth and freedom, is still essentially a Christian problem—the working out on the world's stage of the conception of the individual soul as the source of all values, and of love as the motive and the goal. The fresh confidence of America is of the highest service, not only for its direct, positive result in a peculiar force and frankness of character which the world has never seen before, but also because of the vivid relief given by it to all those elements of discord which it at first ignores. Aware of many discords, but with hope and intrepidity unquenched, Mr. Chapman is well qualified to represent the aim and meaning of America to English readers; but he need not be taken as representing anything; his gifts and his sympathies are delightful in themselves.

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Kipling, Wells, Shaw, and Galsworthy —these four outstanding British authors are subjected to the scrutiny of a Laborite critic who stands high in the counsels of the present Government.

Four Literary Portraits

By HAROLD LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*
London Labor Daily

RUDYARD KIPLING

IF, THIRTY YEARS AGO, it had been necessary to select the Englishman through whom our literature of the day was most widely known upon the Continent, Mr. Kipling would easily have won the palm. Compared to his flaming notoriety, George Meredith and Hardy were parochial names, Swinburne a forgotten celebrity, Shaw and Wells just barely known. Mr. Kipling had attained European stature at a single stride; his drum-and-thunder verses were on everyone's lips; his clanging tales seemed a new epoch in letters.

No one now denies that Mr. Kipling was, and is, a great story-teller. He has a photographic mind, so that the picture he sees can be transferred to the printed page with almost exquisite precision. He has an uncanny insight into the Anglo-Indian mind. In his masterly tales he has revealed it to the world. He knows the feelings of the common soldier with the insight of genius; *Barrack-Room Ballads* are an epoch in military history. They bred a new humanism in Whitehall.

His years in India gave him a knowledge of its problems which, if limited, was profound. So vividly did he see it that, ever since, we have seen those problems at least in part through his eyes. He has clarity of mind, intensity of vision, a passionate conviction that makes it difficult not to be affected by his mood. He feels the things he does feel with a depth of emotion that has hardly been surpassed in our time.

Yet, as we look back upon his triumphs it is difficult enough now to share them. He was the poet of materialistic power. He loved England; but

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the England he loved was a strident and greedy Britannia, shrieking defiance of a world which did not appreciate her strength. He cared nothing for the England which had sought justice and equality. What he chanted was imperialist England, that of the chosen people who trod under their heel those lesser breeds without the law who, like the Boers, insolently challenged her supremacy.

War and its glories, power for its own sake, the splendid complexity of the machine, conquest for the sake of victory, the pride of knowing no equal—these, for Mr. Kipling, were the supreme virtues. What thrilled him was the size of the army, the dull steel of battleships, the sense that the sun never set upon the Empire. For him bigness as such has ever been the sole reality.

Justice, tranquillity, the humble and contrite heart, the quiet glory of peace, the inner vision—these have meant nothing to him. For him, the gospel of success was the only orthodoxy. He had not an atom of sympathy for the pro-Boer, the pro-Indian, the 'walking delegate' who was protecting the workers' standard of life. They were sentimental protectors of the under dog, baleful enthusiasts for the 'little street-bred people,' unworthy to lead a nation made for an imperial destiny.

For him, in those days, the mission of England was to sweep the world. The righteous nation was the successful nation. God pardoned all things save weakness. All who did not labor to be strong Mr. Kipling dismissed with anger as traitors within the gate. Trade unionists, Irish, Boers, pro-natives, pacifists, all of these he threw with contempt into limbo.

The enthusiasm with which Mr. Kipling was received is not difficult to understand. His was the England of Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain, of Mafeking Night and the gospel of efficiency. Here was the poet of the martial virtues, the prophet who preached the splendor of Baal. His strident voice drowned all whispers of doubt; his violent enthusiasms made anything save agreement seem out of place.

Thirty years have passed; and Mr. Kipling still seems to live in the same realm of nightmare ecstasy. The truth is that Mr. Kipling has never been a really adult mind. He sees the world like a boy who plays at soldiers, and wins immense victories without having to pay the cost. He tempts us to win the whole world; he is not mature enough to count the cost of victory.

He thinks energy splendid, and action, and the display of splendid strength. It has never occurred to him to ask why, for he regards them as ends in themselves. His thoughts are those of an angry retired colonel who has been superannuated to Cheltenham, and is rendered indignant at the softness of the new generation.

So that Mr. Kipling has really no philosophy, since that implies a system of reasoned principles. What he has is a passionate faith that bigness is the same as greatness, that a nation is judged by its guns and its Napoleonic figures. He would have hated Socrates and Saint Francis; but he would have admired Pizarro and Strafford and reveled in the Elizabethan freebooters. Life for him is a military parade ground; and so long as we troop the color all goes well.

Yet Mr. Kipling is destined to live in literature not merely as the prophet

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of those baser values by which England was obsessed for a generation. There is the Kipling of *Just So Stories* and the *Jungle Books*, the man who, with Lewis Carroll, has supremely captured the hearts of the children of half of the world. For this Kipling no praise can be too high. Himself a child at heart, he has been able to tell the fairy tales as children want to hear them.

The Kipling of the poems and stories outside this realm will live only in the historian's notebook as a man who did in England what Bernhardy and Treitschke did in Germany. He will be referred to as the symptom of a mood which England threw off like a baleful fever. He will symbolize the literature of hate, of malignant grandiosity, and jingo ambition. But the historian will mention with pride that, in the end, men turned from the altar at which he worshiped.

For, to our own day, Mr. Kipling has no message to proclaim. His occasional stories come to us strangely, as the expression of a life that has already passed. To march, in our mood, to his music would be like setting our step to an enormous military band. You do not want the Sousa of literature for a world which seeks the Temple of Peace as its habitation. For we have learned that his gospel of violence leads only to a hatred which breeds more violence in its turn. Seeking power, he sacrifices freedom; loving action, he destroys thought.

Great as his gifts have been,—the keen, taut style, the vivid imagery, the swift energy of phrase,—we have turned from the ends they served. We care for justice and toleration, for the cosmopolitan outlook, and the inner humility of national spirit. We see man not as a child proudly dominating other children who shrink from his strength, but as a partner in a great coöperative fellowship whose fullness depends upon loving-kindness and peace.

H. G. Wells

AT SIXTY, Mr. H. G. Wells has the same restless enthusiasm for life that he had thirty years ago. He is still avid for new experience, still endlessly curious about the secrets of the universe. At a time when most people are beginning to be complacent about their philosophic systems, Mr. Wells is still capable of completely remaking the foundations of his universe.

I doubt whether any writer in the last forty years in England has had the same pervasive influence as Mr. Wells. Certain of his novels did more to clear our minds of what there was of hypocrisy in mid-Victorian philosophy than anything except Mr. Shaw's plays. There are others which not only recovered the glory of the Dickensian spirit but made us understand why simple souls like Kipps and Mr. Polly justify a democratic society against any possible alternative.

He has made the scientific outlook a thing the average man can understand. He has raised history to the level of the novel in popular esteem. He has battled all his life for plan and system, instead of waste and chaos, in human affairs. With all his inconsistencies, or because of them, he has stimulated more people into hard thinking than any other living writer of English prose. It is a record of which to be proud.

Mr. Wells has really got the scientific mind. He wants to know the 'why'

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of things. If a thing works, whether it is a machine or a political system, he wants to know why. He is excited by discovery. He is a genuine humanist in that fine, classical sense which makes everything significant to mankind a part of his interest.

His energy of mind and body is quite incredible. Spend a day with him, and its alternations of thought and action will leave you dizzy with fatigue. You will be compelled to argue about every point you make. You will have to share in every game he plays. Every other sentence of his will stimulate some train of thought which sets you galloping along. The thin, high voice will punctuate every sentence of yours with doubts, affirmations, execrations, encouragements, until, as you crawl up to bed, you feel that you have lived a year in a day.

Mr. Wells has not only energy and curiosity; he really sees things for himself. As Mr. Russell is a natural anarchist, so Mr. Wells is a natural original. He must see things through his own eyes. You cannot convert him except by convincing him. He has no reverence for anything that does not prove itself to him. That is why there is always something new in what he has to say. For whoever sees the world genuinely through his own eyes challenges the world. And Mr. Wells has challenged it forthrightly.

No one needs to be convinced that the man who created Kipps and Polly loves his fellow men in the same way as the great man who created Sam Weller and Mrs. Nickleby. Their unhappiness moves him profoundly. He dislikes the hatreds, the ugliness, the waste, the cruelties, which go with the struggle for power. Most of his life has been an effort to indict them and find some way of replacing them by a more generous outlook. In this sense he has been a great builder of Utopias. Not seldom they change; but while each is afoot, he battles grandly for it.

Now it is Mr. Shaw who is the enemy; now Mr. Belloc; most permanently, I suppose, Mr. Sidney Webb. Like every great preacher, he is not quite happy unless he is doing battle for his gospel; and, like those who denounce those who dwell at ease in Zion, he has a genius for accumulating enemies as he goes.

Mr. Wells is essentially a pragmatist, so that no outlook of his but is in a state of flux. All you can say is that at any given time the scale of his thinking will take in the planet, and that he will hold its principles with religious intensity. The chances are that, by the time you have come to agree with him, he will be interested in something entirely different; and you will wonder why he cannot share your enthusiasm for a thing he has passed by.

But, for all the quicksilver in his intellectual make-up, there are certain permanencies in Mr. Wells to which he remains devoted. He cares passionately about world organization, and scientific discovery, and the prospects inherent in a really adequate education. He hates, with equal passion, whatever is parochial, or a vested interest on the defensive, or a conviction seeking to protect itself from inquiry. He loathes priestcraft and the public-school type and the dubious mythologies which accumulate about the theory of a classical education. He is for originality and experiment and the ever open mind.

There is a genuine prophet in Mr.

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Wells. The combination in him of vivid imagination and intense curiosity enables him, somehow, to peer deeply into the future. Look back on his essays of twenty-five years ago, and it is amazing how much he has foreseen of the direction we now take. And he is a creative prophet. If our will to act were only as strong as his will to dream, we should have made a better thing out of this world than we seem likely to do.

Nowadays, I am told, it is fashionable among the elect of Bloomsbury to decry Mr. Wells. He is not interested in æsthetic problems. He does not care about art for the sake of art. He is a propagandist, naked and unashamed, who cares so deeply for his ideas that he is seized by them as your mediæval evangel was seized by demons. He cares for the results of life not less than for the process.

This indictment, if it is an indictment, is obviously true. All I can say is that, for the most part, I would rather be wrong with Mr. Wells than right with his critics in Bloomsbury. I would rather march in step with the mind that created Hoopdriver and Kipps and Mr. Polly, who knew what fundamentally decent, simple, vital people they were, than with those whose pale, wan ghosts demand a vast, special literature for their interpretation.

The big fact is that Mr. Wells is too interested in life not to care intensely about what happens to the living. His sympathies are so quick and eager that every incident suggests a philosophy to him. Too rarely, indeed, does he stay to make it systematic. He flings it at you half-shaped, hot from the mould in which it has taken form. He is angry about your doubts, ungenerous about your antagonisms, a little peevish when you stop to criticize. He too often tends to embody his indignation into a person, and he has a real genius for being offensive to those with whom he is angry.

I think it is our business to forgive and forget all that: they are blots on a real sun which has given us vivid light. Without Mr. Wells, we should have known far less about ourselves; and the kind of self-knowledge he has given is really the clue to social wisdom. Without him, also, our literature would have been poorer in that type of original which is the glory of the British race.

Let us agree that he is less introspective than Henry James, less exotic than Meredith, less stylistically scrupulous than Virginia Woolf. The common man, I suspect, will not think the less of him for that. Rather he will say that Mr. Wells has realized the truth of Hazlitt's great dictum that to explain the nature of laughter and tears is to account for the condition of human life. He has made this world clearer-minded than he found it by his genius; and our business is less to seek the limitations of his talent than to be grateful for its quality.

Bernard Shaw

MR. SHAW is like nothing so much as the east wind in a fury. If you can cope with its strength, the most exhilarating thing in the world is a long walk in its teeth. He has been the greatest teacher of the generation. For forty years he has questioned all our accepted traditions, laughed at all our conventions, sneered at all our habits. And, in the typical British way, after thirty years' indignant re-

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fusal to accept his teaching, we have elevated him to the position of a major prophet.

There is no doubt that Mr. Shaw is a great man. That the Socialist vestryman of St. Pancras should be the idol of Mayfair shows that his position is secure and final. He has lived by exposing for the shams they are the conventional lies of civilization. And he has compelled most of us to see that they are shams. By tearing the veil from our eyes he has made us see that empire is another name for violence; that parents do their best to ruin their children; that rich men have rarely the mind to be important, and poor men more rarely still the means to be self-respecting; that flunkyism is not fine manners nor luxury art.

Further, he has told us that official churches have no necessary contact with religion; that the English are not obviously the chosen people; that our law courts administer law, which is not the same thing as justice; that the high priests of medicine are too rarely scientific. And he has done it with such incomparable verve and wit and satirical genius that we have thoroughly enjoyed the process.

Mr. Shaw realized forty years ago that men will always listen to a great preacher; and he grasped the curious fact that men, in the mass, rather enjoy being told brilliantly that they are in a state of sin. He is, in fact, a new Calvin who has substituted Shavian dogmas for those of Geneva. Like Calvin, he has a supreme certitude of temper. Like Calvin, also, he insists on destroying his opponents. Like Calvin, he has little patience with freedom because he has a patent specific for salvation.

There is nothing in him, as there was nothing in the Genevan reformer, of romantic illusion or emotional patience. He hews his way to the goal, and cares nothing for the fate of victims on the way. He has been a great tonic to this age because he has compelled it to face its hypocrisies and shams. A great satirist, he has used a pen dipped in sulphuric acid to tell his contemporaries exactly what he thought of them. He has made iconoclasm a science. Property, marriage, the family, democracy, the Church—all of these he has attacked with the vigor of one who is only content when the veil which hides their inner superstitions has been pulled away.

THE result has been extraordinary. The more vigorous his satire, the more fervid his attack, the greater the meed of applause he has won. We have grown so accustomed to his passionate invective that we should be unhappy in the presence of his eulogies. We so naturally expect him to jest in the presence of our sanctities that we should be bewildered if he condescended to reverence.

He has done us a world of good, for he has prevented us from becoming complacent. He has questioned our right to self-respect and, thereby, made us dubious whether in fact we are entitled to it. We pride ourselves on the courts, and he has shown us how often they are alien from justice. We have eulogized our efforts at social righteousness, and he has shown us what happens through the poverty of the poor.

You cannot be a hypocrite in Mr. Shaw's presence. His perception is too direct, his reticences too few, for cant to be possible in the face of his criti-

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cism. To him every convention has been a challenge, and he will not let it pass until he has ruthlessly examined its letters of credit.

There are, of course, big spots on the sun. Mr. Shaw understands mankind, but not men. There is nothing in him of that sympathetic imaginativeness which enabled Mr. Wells to understand Kipps or Mr. Bennett to draw Hilda Lessways. He has sacrificed emotion to intellect, intuition to the syllogism. His refusal to respect institutions has not seldom ended with an inability to respect personality.

He so enjoys fighting that he does not always see that you fight in order to cease from fighting. He who contends so stoutly for the rights of women against the world has only once, I think, drawn a woman one could respect, and only twice a woman for whom affection is possible.

He is so relentlessly logical that he cannot endure the spontaneous alternatives of others.

He is so emphatically systematic that he is impatient with those who count the cost of his system. There is no twilight in his mind. Everything is clear and relentless and organized. He has no sense of mystery or doubt or the beauty of incommunicable emotion.

That is not to say that he is not a great humanist. No one so sensitive as he to the infliction of unnecessary pain could fail to be a great humanist. But his humanism, so to say, is collective and not individual. He hates general waste, general poverty, general inefficiency. It explains his enthusiasm for Lenin, his defense of Mussolini, his dictatorial inability to respect weakness and hesitation. It explains also his magnificent self-confidence, his power always to be certain that the critics will come round to his point of view.

For Mr. Shaw is a born autocrat, and he is happy only when he commands. In all his plays, even in *Saint Joan*, he is the chief character, and he always gets the best of the argument. And because most of us lack his dialectic brilliance he assumes that our defeat in the debate not only means that we are wrong, but that we are irrational if we do not, on defeat, obey his commands. He is so interested in the results at which he has arrived that he cannot conceive the possibility of alternative views.

He is of a magnificent consistency. What he says on the stage, he says in the drawing-room and on the lecture platform. There, too, he mocks at you, heaps insults upon you, hurls defiance, stays immovable in his positions. He worked out his general system with Mr. and Mrs. Webb forty years ago. Neither in principle nor in method has he changed his fundamentals.

It is good for us that he has been alive. Despite faults of mind and temper, he has been a great tonic. Grant that he may chill you, that he cares nothing for your intimate convictions, that he treats your ideas with contempt, that he has no respect for your personality; he has yet brought a wind of cleansing sanity into our discussions such as no other man has brought. His antipathies have moulded our convictions. His denunciations have been the parent of our reforms.

Somewhere he has said that his life belongs to the whole community and that he accounts it a privilege to work on its behalf. He is entitled to say that

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he has worked greatly. We live more richly and amply because he has lived. His own personal triumph has been the measure of our larger sanity.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

MR. GALSWORTHY has established for himself a peculiar and special place in the literature of our time. He is not, like Mr. Shaw or Mr. Wells, a thinker to whom an idea is the pith of life. He cannot, like Mr. Bennett, observe with the delicacy of genius the psychological anatomy of every person with whom he comes into contact.

Mr. Galsworthy's reputation is built on the emotional insight he possesses into the upper middle class of England—the men and women to whom the getting and keeping of property is the supreme function of life. That is why the *Forsyte Saga* is a document of such importance. All that is best in Mr. Galsworthy is there. Give a man property, and he can paint his picture unforgettably. The man's search for security, his doubts of the bizarre, his contempt for the artist, his suspicion of the intellectual—all these things Mr. Galsworthy can depict as no one else has ever depicted them.

Within these limits Mr. Galsworthy has been unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. But move outside that class, and Mr. Galsworthy lacks altogether sureness of touch. Save for odd moments, his workingmen are rarely flesh and blood. They are sentiment, too often sentimentality, incarnate. He sees them externally. You feel that he has never stopped to talk to them, but read of them only in a newspaper. It is the same with his aristocrats. They are not so much people as the embodiment of emotions which Mr. Galsworthy thinks proper to the aristocracy.

It is all done with great distinction and fine feeling. And those qualities are, I think, of Mr. Galsworthy's essence. Your first impression when you see him is that he is a distinguished man. There is a sensitiveness about his clear-cut features, a poise, a dignity, as of a man withdrawn a little from the heat and stress of life.

To understand Mr. Galsworthy, indeed, you have to realize that he is not a man of ideas, but a man of feeling. He hates cruelty, injustice, anger, pain; he feels pity, love, kindness, tenderness. His emotions do not develop into principles. His remedy for excessive riches is generosity. His cure for poverty is self-respect and an addition to wages. He sees the clash of personal emotions in society; he does not see the clash of impersonal systems. You feel that he would be deeply interested in analyzing Karl Marx, but that you could not persuade him to the study of Marxism.

He is the fine flower of the Liberal bourgeoisie. He will help to reform the penal system. He will protest bitterly against the cruelty of blood sports. He will be shocked by the Black and Tans in Ireland. He will never cast a stone at the sinner, because he knows the tragedy of sin not less acutely than the wrong it does. And he can make people feel with him on these things. But he cannot make people think about cause and effect in relation to them, because he does not himself see them in that way. His life is a series of momentary visions caught, many of them, with the exquisite sensitiveness of the artist.

There is great poetry in him, but it is lyric rather than philosophic; the

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painting of a mood rather than the expression of a faith. That comes out strikingly, I think, in his plays. Most of them turn upon a situation in which there is a clash between a person and some social convention. You see the pain and the cruelty of the clash. You feel profoundly that it ought not to be.

Virtue, for him, is personal consideration for other people's feelings. Give us more of that, he seems to say, and the world can be saved. Heaven knows the world needs more of it; Heaven knows, also, that it is a message which cannot be too loudly proclaimed. But we shall not shape the kind of world that, for example, William Morris dreamed of, merely with fine manners and *noblesse oblige*.

Let me put this in another way. Mr. Galsworthy, I think, can feel, as few living writers, the horror of the War; I do not feel certain he has seen its folly. He can feel indignantly the cruelties of life under capitalism; he is not led to inquire into the necessity of capitalism. He has an exquisite sensibility to results of processes; he lacks the power which searches into their cause.

Nobility of character, keenness of feeling, delicacy of temperament—all these he has in enviable measure. He is generous about persons. There are certain types of cause, all of them admirable, with which his name is inevitably associated. The preservation of the countryside, the humanization of sport, the development of international good feeling among men of letters, the reform of the penal system, and, especially, the abolition of flogging—for these, and things like these, you know that Mr. Galsworthy will enlist at once. They mean something profound to him.

But where he has to deal with movements built upon intellectual foundations he is rarely happy. Take his picture, in *A Modern Comedy*, of the general strike. All he can catch is the emotion which sent his characters to work in the canteen at Hyde Park. The general strike, for them, is in part a social event; in part something which, in a vague way, threatens their economic security. You do not feel quite certain that Mr. Galsworthy himself has larger views. But make the relation a personal one, and it is wonderful how rightly he feels, how sure his touch, how instant his insight.

What Mr. Galsworthy is in his books, so, also, he is in life. He meets it serenely, feelingly, kindly. You are a generous man, anxious to help the things he feels are right; most scrupulous in doing nothing that may cause a moment's pain; always considerate, perhaps a little dignified.

Life does not excite him, as it does Mr. Wells. He has not a passion to reorganize it at its foundations like Mr. Shaw. He has never known intimately the Pollys and the Lewishams, the Larry Doyles and the Andrew Undershafts of this world. Or, rather, where he has seen them, it has been as they have been transmitted through the delicacy of his own temperament. He looks down upon the world from an eminence. He does not rush, like Mr. Wells, to mingle with it, or insist, like Mr. Shaw, upon mounting its tub in the centre of the market place.

Grave, a little melancholy, tranquil, there is something of the stoic in him, and, with that, of the limitations of the stoic also. For the latter knew, as few have ever known, the ends to be obtained; but he awaited the conversion of the hearts of men as the only road to that end.

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Inspiration from Central Europe has helped to make the movies an authentic art. A young Hungarian critic and a German theatrical director discuss the subject from two different standpoints.

The Future *of the* Films

By Two Critics
from Central Europe

I. Movies for the Middle Class

By Bela Balazs
Translated from the *Weltbühne*, Berlin Radical Weekly

EXCEPTIONS, of course, occur but economic laws are economic laws. Film production is a big industry and must bear itself accordingly. This is necessary and natural. As a big industry it must defer to the ideas of the greatest possible number of people, without, however, surrendering any of its own interests. As a profit-making enterprise it must concern itself with the lower social orders, but it can only release spiritual and emotional needs in such a way that the interests of the ruling class are not imperiled. It is thus thrown back almost entirely on that group of people who are the least aware of their own interests, the lower middle class.

For the lower middle class has no class consciousness and does not refuse everything that runs against its economic and social interests. But, above all else, the lower middle class embraces the largest potential audience. Its spirit is not peculiar to one level of society. The petty-bourgeois mentality penetrates everywhere. Rule out a few proletarians, intellectuals, and capitalists, and you find yourself face to face with the only big cinema public that exists.

The middle-class outlook means that narrow point of view induced by a life devoid of social and political consciousness. It is a 'modest,' short-sighted egotism with an eye only for immediate surroundings. The barriers of its own limitations provide the lower middle class with a firm fortress. Everything inside these walls is idyllic,

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everything outside romantic. Thus everything remote and distant becomes romantic; everything that threatens complacency is thrust away and romanticized. Romancing is one of the weapons of defense that the middle class has developed, and no fear must ever shake its belief in its own inviolable basis of life, although this basis may actually no longer exist. The happy ending ministers to this belief. However wretched his condition may be, the petty bourgeois always looks upon any change as a change for the worse. What choice has he? The man who cannot see historical and social connections considers every change a form of chaos. Safety, composure, these are the fundamental lessons that the average film teaches. Even its most sensational elements are presented in a way that induces a sense of calm. All current themes and motives in the movies are based on the idea of composure.

Especially is this true of love, since love is the easiest emotion to handle without any reference to class warfare. As a natural force it seems wholly commendable and corresponds to a universal interest. In dramatic conflicts against social inequality the power of movie love always triumphs. It spans class differences and teaches the moral that class distinctions are not ultimately decisive.

The movies also give encouragement to the man who wants to be radical and emancipated. Social prejudices that deny mankind the right to love are often subjected to rebellious criticism, but they always take the form of episodes that never occur in actual lower-middle-class life. Generally, the plot has to do with some ruling prince or cooped-up nun who does not dare to follow the dictates of his or her heart. Old-fashioned or exotic prejudices are branded in the same way. Idealistic revolt against suppression, the kind of suppression that no longer exists, has become the safety valve for petty-bourgeois liberalism, and if the rich girl cannot marry the poor young man, or vice versa, the movie ends with the young man having more money than the young woman, or vice versa. Erotic passion is displayed as a natural catastrophe like some serious disease that suddenly assails a man but that does not and shall not intrude into normal living. Hence there is always something rather romantic about passion. It seems to touch only the dark fringes of life and is always repulsed before it penetrates further. When the lower middle class can see no further it begins to create fantasies.

Family sentiment is also universally human and being common to all classes it can safely be looked upon as normal. Mother love is a product of international value that appeals to all classes of society. If an American film occasionally shows how the oil and coal industries may exploit the family, that is due to the fact that in the superorganized, mechanical struggle of American life the family remains the only island to which people are fastened by natural ties. No satisfaction can be found in other fields. A happy family cures all ills and must continue to do so. Let the world and its exploitation continue. Why should the class war vex you? The family compensates for everything.

As humanity becomes more and more mechanized and rationalized its

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need for sentiment increases. Sentiment, having been excluded from real life, drips like pressed lemon juice and finally takes the form of a wish-fulfilling dream. Since the lower middle class does not ever contemplate changing its own surroundings it creates a film mythology for itself whose action occurs in polite old Vienna or along the poetic Rhine, where no mechanical tempo devours sentiment and spontaneity. It shapes myths drawn from an antiquity when all hearts were golden. It makes an oblique attack on realism. It embodies the dreamy wishes of the dissatisfied, uneasy man.

A similar idealistic safety valve can be found in those paradoxical films that ridicule small-town life. In order not to revolt against the reality that humiliates him the petty bourgeois bolsters up his self-respect by considering the comical aspects of painful situations worse than his own. The cares and anxieties that the lower middle class feels for its possessions are sometimes localized outside its own social sphere. To divert attention from the legal, day-by-day robbery of capitalist exploiters the danger is romanticized and personified by the crook. The fearless knight, Saint George, the protector of private property, is the detective. Just as the hero in ancient legends swung into his saddle dressed in armor to break a lance for the queen's daughter, so the modern detective sticks his automatic in his pocket and throws himself into his automobile to protect with his life the sacred contents of the safe.

WHAT is so utterly romantic that it exceeds the bounds of nature? Everything that breaks the law. To the lower middle class, world order and law enforcement are one and the same thing. Thus the policeman symbolizes and represents world order and the police cordon signifies the limits of normal life. Beyond these limits mysteries and adventures begin.

Romancing is a form of dispossession. Sentiment is exiled to the fringe of everyday life for fear that it may destroy the normal conduct of competitive business. For that reason moving-picture sentiment always has a holiday air about it and is discussed in a different tone of voice. The lower middle class believes that emotions utterly consume a man and therefore that emotions are not things to be experienced everyday. The excessive demands of the emotions provide a good excuse for avoiding them.

Any form of expression that ignores actuality soon becomes utterly false, for the rising class sees through its transparent ideology. The rhetorical pathos of feudal art was not always a false pathos, it has simply become so. Only reality has altered, and old-fashioned pathos has become a fraud in bourgeois society because it is no longer applied. But the new revolutionary pathos of the Russian films contains no false element. These films are the expression of a feeling carried in actual practice to its final conclusions.

A discredited social order loses its æsthetic authority. Class opposition does not express itself only in political struggle. It makes itself felt much sooner in criticisms of taste. The French Revolution was already making the air tense when Rousseau prophesied the defeat of contemporary practices and urged a return to nature. Yet this return really meant a step forward. It already provided a revolu-

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tionary catchword, a denial of the customs then in vogue.

TO-DAY, too, our desire for naturalness, simplicity, and the release of suppression is merely a negation. It is a negation of the present forms of expression which we no longer trust. But, alas, we have no new forms and mere negation can accomplish nothing.

All that people refuse to take seriously is pushed out of sight, pushed beyond the bounds of actual, experienced reality into the blue mists of distant legend. To the old provincial burgher romance began at the forest on the edge of his town. His world of legend was as much bigger than our world of legend as his real world was smaller than our real world. But the lower middle class in our modern metropolis finds it more and more difficult to take idealistic flight into remote places. World travel has dimmed the romantic glow of geographic distance. Unassailable human experience has discredited the illusion of social and historic remoteness. If the modern white-collar man in a great metropolis finds that the view offends his eye he can no longer turn his attention to pirate stories or Indian legends. The underworld of the criminal and the upper world of the millionaire are failing to divert his attention from his own world. The metropolitan white-collar man is becoming too enlightened.

He has found another way out. The modern film expends all its artistry in assisting the flight from consciousness, and the modern city-dweller has recently discovered the little details that help to conceal the greater reality. The fact that naturalism in the modern film has been able to develop into such a subtle art is largely due to the fact that it responds to the idealistic needs of the middle class. This explains the wide gulf in our films between the accurate and excellent details they contain and the false stupidity of their plots. This new fanaticism for facts, this delight in little, lifelike observations, this emphasis of the everyday moment is, of course, an escape from the whole to the part. For one can draw no consequences from parts, only the whole possesses significance. All the new German films, 'based on the real life of real people,' are soothing romances for the lower middle class. Their teachings are utterly negative. They hide their meaning behind a mass of details.

Challenge is the one thing that the lower middle class, eager for rest, cannot endure. As long as the bourgeois remained romantic in the old sense of the word, legends about heroes delighted him. They were enormous, unattainable fellows, so remote from any real possibilities that their example could not possibly be followed. But the recent escape to little details, the recent corruption of romance, has just about killed the old-fashioned hero. Indeed, he has virtually ceased to exist since his example offers no moral. For years now American films have been glorifying the brave, simple-hearted man who is happy when he finds his girl and can live with her and no longer worry about anything. His example makes no demands of a moral or spiritual nature. The unrealistic romance of earlier days and the romance of the realism now in vogue both avoid touching upon the challenge and pathos of real and possible heroism.

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II. Talkies and the Stage

By Prince Henry of Reuss

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE RAPID development of the talking film has begun to haunt theatrical folk. It is the outstanding question of the day. Of course the dangers are often exaggerated but they exist none the less. Silent films and the radio were not able to damage the theatre. They may have attracted audiences but they did not turn many people away from the legitimate stage.

Now, however, the theatrical crisis is real and is growing more intense. Yet in most cases the danger of actually having theatres close down has been overcome at the last moment, but the theatre has been left in a very exhausted condition. Performances are being shortened, expenses are being reduced. The opera and the drama are both on the defensive and mergers are beginning to occur. The tendency is unmistakable and we are just beginning to witness a retrogression.

Yet, in the long run, the German theatre, with its superb versatility, cannot be defeated and everything eventually will be rebuilt and reshaped in an orderly sensible fashion. But incessant economizing may lead to a form of artistic degradation that is worse than complete collapse, and it would probably be wise to have good traveling companies play in cities that can no longer support first-rate theatres of their own. Also, coöperation between theatres in neighboring cities might be placed on an economic basis. Each case would have to be treated individually and a complete merger should only be arranged when circumstances are thoroughly favorable. For this is no isolated crisis. It is part of the general depression that is afflicting all business in Germany. The important thing is to preserve what is valuable in the German theatre until our whole economic position improves.

Thus the astounding development of the sound film has come at a moment when the theatre is undergoing a serious crisis. The legitimate stage would not be in any great danger if the modern theatre were established on sound economic and artistic foundations. But the panicky condition of the legitimate stage has produced several strange results. It has brought forth the idea that sound films can monopolize the operatic field and can take the place of traveling operatic companies. Yet it is hard to understand how the German theatre can be said to profit even though the sound films now enable every city and town to get the best singers, the best producers, the best directors, in short the original Berlin, Vienna, or Munich production.

Such a line of thought completely fails to grasp the true psychology of the public and the essence of the German theatre. At first, of course, the sound film may prove stimulating, especially since it is cleverly boosted by advertising, but in the long run it offers no adequate substitute. The personal element has always kept the German public and the German stage in close contact. People want to see their own actors and singers both on

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the stage and in private life. People like to grow up with them and to know what they are paying their money for when they go to the theatre. For this reason the big visiting companies from Berlin rarely receive much applause in the provinces. Of course, this applause is but one moment in the whole performance, but it is not the least important one and the feeling which brings forth applause is the real stimulus to German dramatic art.

OF WHAT value is the German theatre? Its value lies in its independence from central control, in the individuality of each troupe. How often is a performance in some small town much more intelligent than one in a big city. And this is due to the medium and to intense personal effort. But with the advent of the sound films all this is to be eliminated. The stage is to become standardized. We are to have nothing but master directors, master singers, masters everywhere, a dreadfully boring state of affairs that threatens to remove all intelligence from the German stage. Such efforts can do our theatre no good and I even believe that in the long run these dreary portable substitutes will not make money. Furthermore, how great will be the expenses involved in changing all our theatres to adapt them to sound films. Not only must the stage be rebuilt but the whole auditorium, with its balconies and loges, is quite unsuited to the acoustical demands of the sound film.

Some other solution must be sought. We must find some way to allow the states and cities themselves to control the sound films. Also influential representatives of the state and the theatre should force the sound films to confine themselves to a field of their own and should prevent them from taking over successful operas intact. In other words, a sharp distinction should be made between sound-film material and material that is used on the operatic stage.

Is the sound film in itself a serious competitor of the legitimate stage? Is the true sphere of the sound film so similar to the theatrical field and does it do its work so much better that it can and will eliminate the theatre? Does the great mass of the people find the sound film more real than the legitimate stage, and, finally, is the technique of the sound film about to extirpate and replace the living personal contributions that human beings bring to dramatic art? These are decisive questions to which answers must be sought, even though we are confronted by a bewildering number of theories and only a small amount of practical experience.

The talking film has the advantage over the silent film of being able to reproduce both the sound of the human voice and other noises, but its real superiority lies in the noise effects, not in the vocal ones. It is able to intensify the tremendous possibilities of the silent film with mysterious acoustical effects. The real strength of the sound film perhaps lies in these strange effects, these queer combinations of the personal and the impersonal which are leading it far from the intimate technique of the legitimate theatre. The noise of clattering footsteps, the twittering of birds, the notes of a piano, the barking of dogs, shouts, gurgling, and laughter, these and many other suggestive sounds

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can be forged into a new form of art. By mingling various noises together an extraordinary atmosphere can be built up, whether it is that of a prison, a conservatory, a doctor's clinic, a battlefield, or a metropolitan street corner, and it all can be done with a minimum of words.

But how about an opera—a *Fidelio*, a *Tristan*, a *Figaro*—rendered into a sound film? I consider such efforts impossible because in these cases the music is the purest spiritual expression and must be heard as clearly as possible. We must of course look forward to having numerous operas made into sound films, but I believe that most efforts will end in failure. Only a few portions of the operas will be effective in the films, though future audiences may prefer to see these portions in a sound film if they can be made to fit in with the stage performance. But for the most part we shall be driven back to the theatre again and the theatre will profit.

Thus we reach the following conclusion: the sound film must invent its own operas. It must take a wider base, that is to say, a larger background and wider surroundings if it is to progress, and for this purpose the music that has now been written will probably not serve. Will the works of various composers be assembled, and if they are how will they sound? Perhaps technical developments will nullify some of the points I have made but the principle on which I am arguing remains the same. It is impossible to transform most of our present operas into sound films. Operatic sound films must be especially written and only in this field can the sound film establish an artistic preserve of its own. Only in this way can it develop into something more than a passing sensation and evolve into a permanent and self-respecting art.

The sound film has, as we know, damaged the silent film, but even here the last word has not yet been spoken. At the moment it is also endangering the theatre but it will not do so permanently. It stands side by side with the theatre but the two are not interchangeable. The effects of the sound film are often powerful and the effects of the silent film were powerful, too, yet the theatre survived its competition. And not only my wishes but my observations lead me to conclude that, in spite of all mechanical improvements, living human beings cannot dispense with other living human beings. Just as political meetings much prefer to hear political leaders address them in person and not over the radio or through a talking film, in like manner we shall not lightly deny ourselves the theatre. This is perhaps a banal and insufficient parallel but it covers a good part of the theatre's effectiveness, which resides chiefly in the charm of the speaking and singing voice and in the physical presence and immutable magic of the living human being, for which no substitute can be found.

I therefore prophesy that good times are coming to the theatre. Mechanical improvements will be made and realistic effects will be heightened. The theatre will win out in the end because its elements are human and because human beings never to the end of time will be able to fathom other human beings. The sound film may recognize and develop its immanent possibilities but the theatre is alive and growing and therefore cannot fail.

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A majority of Church of England bishops have advocated birth control—but not emphatically enough to suit Mr. A. P. Herbert. He suggests that if we must multiply as nature intended us to do we should die the same way.

DEATH Control

By A. P. HERBERT

From the *Week-end Review*
London Independent Conservative Weekly

ONE MUST NOT bandy words with a bishop, and when three hundred bishops deliver an expert pronouncement on sex a respectful acquiescence becomes us all; and I know this review has already expressed its own views on the subject of birth control. Yet I hope that a mere 'father of four'—the man in the nursery, as it were—may be permitted to add a postscript.

I do not envy a gathering of bishops which has to approach this theme, and one must admit that they have ventured further than many might expect, though not as far as most of us would wish. We ought not, they tell us, to 'limit or avoid parenthood' except where there is a 'clearly felt moral obligation.' And this, I understand from certain episcopal dicta not contained in the Resolution, means, in the main, the obligation of those who fear that they may transmit disease or lunacy; it does not cover 'unsatisfactory social or economic conditions,' and, in particular, the difficulty of feeding and educating a large family on a small income. Nor would a rational conviction that there are more people in these islands than these islands can support in decent circumstances excuse us. That would be 'a motive of selfishness, luxury, or mere convenience.'

The text of the Encyclical Letter and the Resolutions of the Lambeth Conference reached me on the Grand Union Canal. Lying below my boat were two canal boats, containing (besides the cargo) a father, mother, and nine children (the survivors of a family of twelve). The mother mildly expressed to me the opinion that she

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had had enough children; and I endeavored to explain to the father (who earns £3 to £4 a week) the pronouncement of the bishops. A week earlier, being erroneously persuaded that my country was overpopulated, I should have said that those two parents ought to have been educated and assisted in the 'avoidance of parenthood.' But now I had to tell the prolific navigator that this was wrong; that his was not a case excused by any clearly felt moral obligation; and that the only thing for such as him, the bishops said, was 'complete abstinence from intercourse in a life of discipline and self-control.' The boatman said he was very much obliged.

The great objection to birth control is that it is 'unnatural.' (I observe, by the way, that according to the Encyclical Letter divorce is 'unnatural' too. But is marriage 'natural'? Monogamy, with all its blessings, is surely one of the most artificial of human institutions.) The bishops' 'obvious alternative' to birth control is 'complete abstinence,' which is, of course, the most natural thing in the world. Even the bishops may be persuaded one day that the population cannot safely be allowed to expand indefinitely. That is a natural conviction arising out of a natural state of affairs. The aborigines of Australia, who are perhaps the most natural people left on the planet, arrive at that conclusion from time to time: and they then employ a primitive but effective method of birth control, which is abandoned when they reach the equilibrium of safety again. The father stickleback, who is quite a natural fish, and a saint and martyr in the defense and care of his young, will not allow the females to deposit more eggs in his nest than he can efficiently look after. But this great Christian, civilized race, when we have virtuously multiplied our species till we ooze from every window and are jostling the weakest over every cliff, will fall back, I suppose, on the 'natural' expedient of complete national abstinence.

THE firm stand of the bishops for what is 'natural' provokes some disturbing speculations. If we are not artificially to limit birth, ought we artificially to prolong life? It is not 'natural' that tottering old men should retain positions of authority which could be better filled by younger members of the tribe. It is not 'natural' that their appendices and other parts of their anatomy should be removed, repaired, or replaced by silver tubes; that they should be enabled to masticate their food with false teeth; that their aged eyes and ears should be assisted by spectacles and electrical machines. When their glands and other organs swell up, the 'natural' thing is that they should die: and if we extend their lives by removing their glands, we are obstructing the intentions of Nature as surely as if we use a 'contraceptive.'

This is nonsense, may be, but nonsense is the only reply to nonsense. And it is not wholly nonsense. If Nature is to control the human birth-rate, Nature should also be allowed to control the death-rate, as Nature does elsewhere. It is not 'natural' that incurables and imbeciles should be carefully kept alive; nor is it 'natural' that a man's children (to any number) should be maintained and educated at the expense of others; nor is it 'nat-

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ural' that the hunter, or breadwinner, if he fails to find food, should be maintained in idleness by the tribe. There is very little left in our economic or social arrangements that is 'natural.' It is not 'natural' to shave the face. The little box standing on my floor at this moment is discharging jazz music which is being played in Rome, a most unnatural proceeding (the bishops' ancestors would, not so long ago, have condemned it as witchcraft). Let us go back to Nature, by all means, but we must go thoroughly if we do. Unlimited birth can be adjusted to a social system based on the survival of the fittest and the natural responsibilities of parenthood, but not to a humanitarian state which has abandoned both these principles.

Birth control and death control are equally against Nature, and may be allowed to balance each other; but you cannot logically or safely accept one and refuse the other. The short point, as the lawyers say, is that we are living in the year of our Lord 1930 and not in the year 1 B.C. The removal of a dangerous appendix, the massage of the heart, the trepanning of the brain are unnatural but beneficial acts made possible by modern science; and so, considered nationally, is birth control.

But the bishops, of course, must know best. And, therefore, since birth control is to be ruled out, I welcome and shall support the logical sister movement against death control which is beginning to make itself felt. If the Anti-Death-Control Society has its way, all those selfish expedients which we now employ for the prolongation of life and the thwarting of Nature will be done away with. A great deal of money will be saved; the infirm and imbecile will be left to the tender care of Nature; and the death-rate will rise to such an extent that we shall be able to find room for the flood of healthy babies let loose by the abolition of contraception. An admirable plan!

At one point only have the bishops surprised me in these Resolutions. To my humble and foolish mind, the notion that 'the primary purpose for which marriage exists is the procreation of children' has always seemed odd, untrue in fact, and, not to beat about the bush, rather disgusting; a male notion, a mediæval notion, smacking of the stud farm, humiliating to the wife, difficult to reconcile with the conception of marriage as a 'spiritual union,' and a little cruel to the many thousands of contented couples who for one good reason or another can have few or no children. To say that 'family life is one of God's most precious gifts' is very good, and very true; but to say that childbearing is the primary purpose of marriage is not. I fancy that my friend, the canal-boat wife, would have something to say about the proposition; and I fancy that if there were female bishops there would have been some debate about it at the Lambeth Conference. I had thought it was an obsolete survival from a past stage of civilization, in which it was really important that the population should continually increase, and wives were allowed to do little but increase the population. I see with some surprise that it is restated with emphasis in the Lambeth Resolutions. It may be 'natural' to breed like rabbits; I should not have thought it was particularly Christian: and even the rabbits keep one eye on the food supply. However, the bishops know best.

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At Fifty

By Seymour Poole

From the *English Review*

I have stood still—a watcher by the wayside
For a procession that has never come.
The day has been fine enough, the road quite pleasant,
And once I caught the far thrill of a drum.
Waiting in hope, I have not been unhappy,
For there were birds, flowers, trees, and the open sky;
And, when the time lagged, I made songs and stories
About all these, and about the passers-by.
Then, when I heard it—the incredible music
Of life at last, life to the full and sweet!—
It seemed for a minute to be coming toward me:
But it went down, after all, someone else's street.
No doubt I ought to have tackled life—gone to meet it,
Seized on a banner, become importunate;
But I just wasn't made so, didn't know how to treat it,
And so am lost, like all who hesitate.
There was to have come a place in the procession
That I should have recognized as being my own;
I was to have been caught up in color and movement
By one sure hand—to have been no more alone.
But nothing has happened, and the day grows chilly;
A cold bed waits for the going down of the sun.
It seems a curious way to have spent a lifetime—
Strange to be nearing the end of what has never begun.

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BOOKS ABROAD

THE PRIVATE LETTER-BOOKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. *With an Introductory Letter to the Reader by Hugh Walpole. Edited by Wilfrid Partington. Illustrated. London: Hodder & Stoughton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1930. $6.00.*

(J. C. Squire in the *Observer*, London)

COLLECTIONS of letters written by eminent men are common enough. But it was long ago remarked that collections of letters written *to* them would be equally revealing. It is a pity that they are not more often made, for they show, in a unique manner, what sort of impression men make upon their contemporaries, whether strangers or friends. Assemble a few hundreds of letters all addressed to one recipient from persons of various types and of various shades of intimacy, and you may learn things about him which, if he happens to have been a laconic or a shy or a modest man, or one to whom natural expression was difficult, or one prone to ironic speech, you may never learn from his own letters. Who liked this man? Who disliked him? Who unbosomed to him? Who feared him? Who asked his assistance, and how? Who was speedy to help him? Were people habitually at their ease in writing to him? Did they habitually give him confidences with an obvious certainty that they would not be betrayed? Did they, when capable, adorn their letters with nice phrases and genial jokes with the implication that these would be understood? Did he accept an air of condescension from some, did others believe him to expect a certain subservience? Answer these questions, and others like them, and a living man will grow familiar to us, a man moving about in a crowded world and not seated at a desk in a library. Here is a fine example of such a collection, and it is to be hoped that it may be copied. The great man to whom the letters are addressed happens, owing to the wealth of other testimony, to be one whom we already know almost as well as any dead man can be known. He was, as Mr. Walpole says, 'the friend of all the world' in his lifetime, and even the most determined iconoclasts have not been able in later years to tarnish the traditional picture of him as the most lovable, generous, courageous, and sensible of men. But such letters as these, even where a character so frank and familiar as Sir Walter's is concerned, may harden the outlines of a portrait and irrefutably confirm our previous impressions; and a book of this sort, relating to a more secluded, less publicly communicative sort of man, might well correct them. What interest might there not be in a collection of letters, from divers sources, written to Tennyson, Walter Pater, or even Horace Walpole, the manner of whose answers we know so well! Even to illustrate a particular relation between two persons the correspondence both ways is desirable. We are apt to miss the parry if we haven't seen the thrust, and the letters of A and B to each other may each contain shades of meaning noticed by C, the reader,

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and missed by those for whom they were meant, or half-meant. We should know a good deal more about the aged Disraeli had the letters of Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield not been destroyed, much as we may learn from the celebrated correspondence from his side. And where the whole man is approached, letters addressed to him, not chosen merely for their adaptability to a narrative or importance in their reference to public affairs or intellectual speculation, are invaluable.

THE present selection (which Mr. Hugh Walpole introduces with charmingly boyish enthusiasm, and Mr. Partington has impeccably edited) consists of several hundred letters extracted from a mass of six thousand. The number is not so prodigious as it looks at first sight: Scott probably received hundreds of thousands in his lifetime, and he filed these. Seven years ago Mr. Walpole, who had long been a devout collector of Scott, noticed that twenty-seven volumes of letter books from Abbotsford were to be sold in a London auction room. He went to the sale and (being rewarded according to his deserts) bought them for a sum which was apparently much less than he was willing to pay. As for the manuscripts, he made his mind up at once: they should go, on his death, to the National Library of Scotland. But very few of the letters had ever been published, and even of those some had been mutilated. His decision to open up the mine has resulted in this book; and there seems no valid reason why it should not be followed by several others. Reasons can certainly not be found in its quality. The letters, whether from geniuses or simpletons, are uniformly good reading; apart from their bearing upon Scott they make a very amusing anthology for the casual dipper-in.

Mr. Partington has not adopted a chronological order, or declined any order at all: he has arranged his letters under group headings, which bear upon special epochs of Scott's life or features of the social life of the time—such as 'Topics and Portraits of the Times,' 'The Troubles and Triumphs of Poets,' 'The Mystery of the Author of *Waverley*,' 'Byron,' and 'Transatlantic Life and Letters.' To give an adequate idea of the diversity of entertainment to be found here by anyone in the least interested in odd characters and by-gone small talk would be impossible. I cannot prove, I can merely allege; in the nature of things even a summary is impossible of a volume containing letters on every sort of topic from the fate of Napoleon to the distempers of dogs, by princesses and duchesses, landlords and lawyers, authors, artists, publishers, and loungers. The note of cordiality is unintermittent; even the stiffest unbent with Scott. He was as tolerant as he was sympathetic. His acquaintance consulted him in every sort of difficulty, always certain of a friendly response, and every sort of correspondent brought him, as it were, little gifts of gossip, each according to his ability, chatting to him through the post as they would in his presence. There are little quippish descriptions everywhere: here we are at a dance in a battleship, with some of the ladies ill; there we are with the owner of Rokeby hanging his new Venus by Velasquez; here we are at-

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tending the Roxburgh Sale, and there watching Mrs. Siddons act, or overhearing the indiscretions of Princess Caroline. We encounter Byron in a wholly unaffected and respectful vein, and Southey, of all people, declaiming against prudes and expurgators. Malory, he had learned, had been censored centuries ago:—

> I was not, by the bye, aware that the book had been reformed by the Godly Critics whose worthy descendants have lately set forth a Family Shakespeare, and will, it is to be hoped, in due time present us with an Edition Expurgate of the Bible and upon the plan proposed by Matthew Lewis. Oh! I have a bill of indictment against those Eclectics and Vice-Society men whenever Murray will send me the needful documents, for be it known to you that in one of the Eclectic Reviews there is a grand passage describing the soul of Shakespeare in Hell. If I do not put some of those curst Pharisees into Purgatory for this . . . may my right hand forget its cunning.

Later in this letter Southey says, 'I want to hear that you have conceived of another poem and are parturient'; in the Rev. Cuthbert Southey's edition of his correspondence this reads, 'I want to hear that you have planned another poem and commenced it'—and the son probably did not even smile!

One of the best of Scott's correspondents was J. B. S. Morritt, who founded the Travelers' Club. Here is a description of the most notorious traveler of the time, Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry. His Grace was an absentee prelate of great wealth and unbounded extravagance who cavorted over Europe with a vast retinue—it was after him that the first Hotels Bristol were named, whose progeny all over the world from Canton to Callao puzzle the curious who do not know his story:—

> I had the curiosity to go from thence [that is, from Bury to Ickworth] to a modern unfinished and unfinishable building intended for the mansion of the late Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry, which was stopped in its progress by his death. I went because I knew his Lordship well in Italy, and was sure if the house was at all like its owner it would be unlike every other man's house since the destruction of the Tower of Babel, to which it really bears no small resemblance. When I knew his Lordship he was making love to Lady Hamilton and several others of the same stamp. . . . He encouraged the arts, and had made, by an eminent statuary, a colossal group of Hercules slaying the hydra, but before the heads were finished he almost drove the sculptor mad by selecting for a model of Hercules's countenance that of Mr. Pitt, and insisting on the hydra being finished off into a triple likeness of Fox, North, and Burke, which last he again cut off to make way for Sheridan. He got drunk with his chaplain every day till the chaplain found the duty so severe he ran away from further promotion to a small living in Derry. As a British peer and bishop he always talked bawdy to the women and blasphemy to the men. . . . With all this . . . you could not have helped taking to him.

Possibly; but he does rather explain the intemperate rage of Cobbett's *Legacy to Parsons*.

There are intimate letters from Haydon, which will amuse and move those who know his astonishing memoirs; there are letters also from that queer customer, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe; there are letters, far less entertaining, from Wordsworth, who did not shine as a correspondent. Had I space to quote more, though, I should select an unparalleled epistle from Sir J. Sinclair, who, four months after Lady Scott had died, complacently wrote to Sir Walter offering to arrange a marriage between him and the Duchess Dowager of Roxburgh. He was ready with all the details as to time and place of proposal; he in-

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stanced Addison and his countess as a precedent. Scott did annotate it: 'This is too impertinent, but may be kept to show how folly and vanity can dance jigs in an empty pate.' Yet the correspondence did not close; the baronet cannot have been too badly snubbed; Scott, when it came to the point, probably reflected that even this idiot felt kindly toward him and meant well. He never hurt the merely clumsy and foolish; he had none of that false pride which makes people mount the high horse; he was prepared to like people and, as a rule, and perhaps consequently, they deserved his liking.

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER. *By Siegfried Sassoon. London: Faber & Faber. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.*

(Sir Philip Gibbs in the *Sunday Times*, London)

AFTER many books which have struggled to give the whole picture of war in one narrative—all its agony, all its horror, all its filth—with tortured efforts to get an effect of strength and truth by blasphemous language and obscene detail over-emphasized, it is a relief, in my mind, to read a book about the War as it was experienced by one young officer with the gift of self-analysis and self-expression, but otherwise typical (or forced into the type) of all those thousands of young battalion officers of ours who fought in France and Flanders.

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon tells his own story under the thin veil of fiction which he used in his charming book, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*. He does not generalize about the War, but puts down simply, finely, and sensitively exactly what happened to him, and especially what happened in his mind because of the things he did, and saw, and suffered, and thought about, up there on the Somme and outside Arras in 1916 and 1917.

It seems to be perfectly and completely true, as far as his own experience went. It is the war that I remember, the look of it, the smell of it, the spirit of it. I recognize the officers and men who pass through his pages, though I do not recognize those who pass through some of the other war books. I can give the names of men whom he leaves anonymous. The enthusiast on sniping whom he encountered was Hesketh Prichard. The officer who discoursed on bayonet-fighting with homicidal eloquence (though he was a humane and generous-hearted man) was Colonel Ronald Campbell. Among all his portraits of brother officers, in trenches and dug-outs and billets, there is not one whom I do not recognize as typical of those I met in the same places, thinking the same things, talking in the same way, behaving exactly as he makes them do. And his own mind seems to me for two-thirds of the book essentially like the mind of a very large number of young officers with whom I came in contact on the Somme before and during the 'Great Push.'

Mr. Sassoon may resent my saying that. He describes himself as 'a solitary-minded man,' and he may believe that by education and temperament he was somewhat different from his fellow officers, more sensitive to his environment, more intellectually aware of its brutality and ugliness, more alert to its contrasts of beauty—the light over no-man's-land, the

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larks singing above the gun fire, flowers growing in fields behind the line. But I truly believe that in telling us how his own mind reacted to these scenes and episodes of war he is also telling us what was happening in the minds of thousands of young men of his own caste and kind, who were the second lieutenants in those battalions which attacked at Fricourt and Mametz with high hopes that went down at last in five months of slaughter. They were not fox-hunting men, most of them, the home life behind them was not perhaps so charming as his, they had not the same gift of words alone with a pencil and a bit of paper, but they were the heirs to the same tradition of English life, their sensitiveness and their awareness to these contrasts between life and death, beauty and ugliness, were, I am certain, very similar. It is that comradeship of the mind and spirit with so many others who went up the same roads—and had not the same luck—which gives a special value to this book. It is not only the memoirs of an infantry officer. It is a story of the War in the minds of our army of youth who went into the 'Great Push' of 1916. They were different in 1917, as Siegfried Sassoon was different, though they didn't make the same revolt.

In those early days this infantry officer did not philosophize about the causes of the War or regard the fighting men as 'victims of conspiracy.' He used his leave in England to buy a special pair of wire-cutters at the Army and Navy Stores. He was very keen to go on his first raid. He definitely wanted to kill somebody at close quarters. His courage, he says, was of the 'cock-fighting kind.'

> Cock-fighting is illegal in England, but in July 1916, the man who could boast that he had killed a German in the Battle of the Somme would have been patted on the back by a bishop in a hospital ward.

He behaved with heroic idiocy or extreme gallantry in an attack on a German trench, and in the presence of danger and dead bodies became angry and excited and elated. He won his Military Cross.

> The little doctor, who would soon be dressing the wounds of moaning men, unpicked his own faded medal ribbon, produced needle and thread, and sewed the white and purple portent on to my tunic. For the rest of the day, and, indeed, for the remainder of my military career, the left side of my chest was more often in my mind than the right—a habit which was common to a multitude of wearers of Military-Cross ribbons.

One remembers that sensation toward the end of the book when its author records a moment when he tore the ribbon off his chest and threw it into the Mersey as a protest against war.

> Weighted with significance though this action was, it would have felt more conclusive had the ribbon been heavier. As it was the poor little thing fell weakly into the water and floated away as though aware of its own futility.

But there was a long time to go before the wearing and the tearing of that bit of ribbon. During the Somme and afterward at Arras these memoirs record the lives and minds of men who did not question the War, although they cursed it. They still had a belief in the importance of their own company or platoon, and knew very little that was going on beyond their particular patch of the battle front. They made the best of rest time in billets; they laughed a lot.

Through many of these pages there

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is a sense of mirth in the close proximity of death and mutilation. And yet, as the author writes:—

> Time seems to have obliterated the laughter of the War. I cannot hear it in my head. How strange such laughter would sound could I but recover it as it was on such an evening as I am describing, when we all knew that we'd got to attack that night. . . . In the meantime we'd got some rum inside us and could find something to laugh about. Our laughter leapt up like the flames of camp fires, soon to be stamped out or extinguished by our impartial opponent, the rain.

Mr. Sassoon, or the 'George Sherston' of his book, had, on the whole, a less nerve-racking time than many of his brother officers and most of the private soldiers, because he was lucky in being invalided home at times and escaping some of the worst battles. It was not the effect of broken nerve—and no one can accuse him of any failure in courage—which made him shock his superior officers by denouncing the War as a swindle and giving his reasons thereto in a document which startled them considerably as a pacifist manifesto. A conversation with a man whom he calls 'Markington,' but who is obviously Massingham, the editor of the *Nation*, seems to have been the main influence in deciding him to this act of revolt against discipline, and there is a simplicity and boyishness in his mental state at this time which takes away some of the glamour which made him an object of hero worship among conscientious objectors and pacifists toward the end of the War. He had not thought things out very deeply. It was exasperation rather than philosophy or idealism which led to the intellectual bombshell which he flung at the military system. He was, in fact, once again like thousands of young officers who had reached the stage of disillusion, who were questioning the origins and meaning of this World War which threatened the extermination of the world's manhood and their own chance of life, believing vaguely that they were being sacrificed by bloodthirsty old men, profiteers, and politicians, who enjoyed the War at home while youth died. He differed from them only in that he put down his thoughts in writing—rather portentously, as he admits—and sent them to headquarters. He realized the futility of this gesture, and now in this book seems to smile at the inadequacy of his reasoning.

THE DEMON. *By Michael Lermontov. London: Richards Press. £1 1s.*

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAND INQUISITOR. *By Feodor Dostoievski. London: Mathews & Marrot. £3 3s.*

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY. *By D. H. Lawrence. Florence: Orioli. £1 1s.*

APROPOS LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. *By D. H. Lawrence. London: Mandrake Press. 3s. 6d.*

(*New Statesman*, London)

THE TRAGEDY OF D. H. Lawrence was that he himself afforded perhaps the most conspicuous example in our time of that in human nature which enraged him, which he wore himself out by denouncing, wore himself out actually, for it was his self he denounced. In the brilliant, sometimes beautiful, and strangely pitiful essay about his phallic novel he ends by a great attack on modern sex—on 'white' sex—on the sexual relationship which consists between personalities and is self-conscious; and a great defense of marriage that is

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'a correspondence of blood.' There is much wisdom in what he writes; there is much nonsense, and there is a good deal of sham mystical rodomontade, the merely woolly verbiage of a minor poet.

> Only when the conjunction is of the blood is marriage truly marriage. The blood of man and the blood of woman are two eternally different streams that can never be mingled. Even scientifically we know it. But therefore they are the two rivers that encircle the whole of life, and in marriage the circle is complete, and in sex the two rivers touch and renew one another, without ever commingling or confusing. We know it. . . . The great river of male blood touches to its depths the great river of female blood—yet neither breaks its bounds.

What it all amounts to is that Lawrence found in modern life (he enormously exaggerated its extent) a perverse attitude to sex, and a fatal, half-impotent self-consciousness which made fun or play or at the best an easy prettiness out of what is fundamentally sacred and tremendous.

Yet he himself remained one of the most self-conscious artists who ever touched on sex. Tormented, angry, distracted, he pursues in the creatures of his invention his own deepest impotences and agonies, and credits a whole generation or a whole class with the flaws of a tiny, insignificant society, and with the weaknesses which that society glorifies, and which he, aware of the menace in himself, deplores and denounces. Sometimes out of the trouble of his harassed figures he made stories of rare and disturbed beauty; and *The Virgin and the Gipsy* will rank high among his later work. It is the tale of a young girl, Yvette, daughter of a parson whose wife has deserted him: Yvette sees the gipsy, and finds herself stirred to her depths by something sudden and overwhelmingly natural in the man. Lawrence writes with admirable economy here; the family, Yvette, her sisters, her father, the Mater, Aunt Cassie are drawn with savage and sure strokes, and the climax of the flood is an astonishing piece of descriptive work. Yet the story leaves one empty, unsatisfied; for all it comes to is a repetition of the old complaint that it is a great pity women have any minds, any personalities, that it would be a much easier world if we could go back to the convenient worship of the garden god, and abandon this difficult and deceitful mental struggle. As for the gipsy—he is just the fine animal that weak men idealize; and once more, in his hasty sketches of the girls' 'young men,' Lawrence hints broadly that a university education is a certificate of sexual impotence.

In the novel as in the essay he himself is what he attacks. He is flushed with self-consciousness, and too often descends to that exhibitionism which is the surest evidence of a deep distrust of one's own powers. Yet, self-distrustful as he was, he distrusted mankind more. He could not understand why he was not listened to; and it must sometimes have perplexed and shamed him that his chief acclaimers sprang almost altogether from the white-sexed, thin-blooded people whom he so despised. Indeed, he writes in his essay: 'Practically all my friends would turn my real emotions to ridicule'; a pretty bitter sentence for a man who believed passionately in friendship. Yet he never seems to have examined himself to discover why practically all of

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his readers and admirers were desperately self-conscious, sophisticated people, why he had few readers among the simple folk he exalted. Yet there was a reason, and it is stated, though he never knew it, by Lawrence himself in his preface to Mr. Kotelianski's translation of *The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor.*

That episode from *The Brothers Karamazov* concerns Ivan and Alyosha and their conflicting views of life and faith. Ivan tells the story of his poem, how Jesus returned to earth, to Seville, and was imprisoned, and threatened by the Grand Inquisitor himself; and how Jesus never speaks, nor answers the Inquisitor's tirade until the end, when he approaches the old man and gently kisses him. Lawrence, without any kind of authority, insists that the Inquisitor represents Dostoievski:—

> We may agree with Dostoievski or not, but we have to admit that his criticism of Jesus is the final criticism, based on the experience of two thousand years (he says fifteen hundred) and on a profound insight into the nature of mankind. Man can but be true to his own nature. No inspiration whatsoever will ever get him permanently beyond his limits. . . . The inadequacy of Jesus lies in the fact that Christianity is too difficult for men, the vast mass of men. . . . Christianity, then, is the ideal but it is impossible. It is impossible because it makes demands greater than the nature of men can bear.

Now, here you have the source of Lawrence's disappointment, of his angry disgust at humanity. He was an idealist who could not believe in the truth of idealism. For it is not a question of Christianity merely: all the constructive prophets, Hebrew or Hellenic, have believed that man can get beyond the limits of his own purpose, that to do so is precisely his work. That word is found in the hymn of Cleanthes just as in the Psalms, in Plato and Plotinus as in Saint John or Saint Paul. In a sense, of course, man must always be true to his nature—for to exceed his nature is the specific quality of man's nature. Now, Lawrence desired this to be so; he seems in the preface to admit that it might be so for saints and heroes, but not for the mass of mankind, who cannot distinguish between 'money and life.' He could not believe in humanity, and he could not believe in any god who was not, somehow, in humanity; and so he drove his despair inward, and wasted his energies in building the temple of the Asherim. An idealist, he failed to see the idealism in others; and his hatred against those who could, especially against a man like Dostoievski, who saw it in very strange places, is ugly and mean. Lawrence is never so nauseating and ineffective as when he is venomous against the men greater than he who yet were less arrogant, Blake, Whitman, Dostoievski.

How he must have hated *The Demon*, if he ever read it, that wild, romantic poem in which the Russian mind took a theme of Poe's and handled it as Byron might have handled it. For *The Demon*, if we take its story as it haunted Lermontov's whole life, and as it has since his day possessed with its power some of the greatest minds in Russian literature, is in its romantic, fantastic way the declaration of the need of a new sexual revelation. This old legend of the woman and her demon lover is far more than the simple fable it appears; and we know that the author of *A Hero of Our Time* was not the man to be enchanted by a silly fairy

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story. Lermontov knew that man can only advance, has only advanced, in so far as he transcends his own nature, and in particular that his advance depends enormously on his power to transcend the purely animal, unconscious sexual life. Lawrence wanted a reconciliation between a mystical view of marriage and a return to the rutting cycles of the animals; and he would not believe, because it gave him pain to believe, it was too difficult, that such a reconciliation could only be effected by a self-consciousness that, after its work is done, can transcend itself and bear the spirit not down into the dark flow of the male and female blood streams, but up into a place of held experience and supernatural wisdom where male and female are fulfilled and forgotten. Lermontov figures that state in his poem of the bride whose bridegroom is killed, and who herself becomes the victim of the demon; for what the fable meant to him, and to poets like Blok and Pasternak who are, according to Prince Mirski's introduction to the edition, profoundly impressed by *The Demon*, is that the beauty of life depends on man's ability to transcend his own nature, to make for himself supernature, or to realize for himself that supernatural which is the sustaining force, the reality not merely of human achievement, but of all human effort. Tamara in the poem is robbed of her natural life, and in the agony of her loss and her strange temptation by the demon—for the life of the conscious intellect in its first war with the flesh always seems demonic—is lost, only to discover that in this loss she has found herself. The spirit has, in destroying the flesh, remade it, and gloriously:—

> Her soul was truly one of those
> Whose life is like a victim slain
> In dread, excruciating pain,
> With naught to soothe their living throes;
> The Lord had woven, so 'twas fated,
> Their living chords with ether pure,
> But they for earth were not created,
> Nor was the earth for them mature!

Mr. Gerard Shelley has translated the poem extremely well; the best previous version was Mr. Francis Storr's, but this of Mr. Shelley's is at once easier and, at moments, of higher poetic quality. The book is beautifully printed; and the edition of Mr. Kotelianski's version of the Dostoievski legend is an *édition de luxe*, most attractively printed and bound.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

French Views on Nietzsche

A NUMBER of prominent French writers recently received a questionnaire urging them to express their views on the subject of Nietzsche. The questionnaire came from Jean R. Kückenburg, a German scholar who had just had occasion to study Nietzsche's writings closely in connection with some literary work he was doing. To his dismay he had found that times had changed and Nietzsche was no longer a help to him in solving the many problems of this life. Distressed at having to abandon a once honored teacher, he sat down to puzzle out the reason why. At this juncture it occurred to him that if he could only get the opinion of his French *confrères* it might throw some light on the subject, so he divised the following questions and sent them across the Rhine:—

'1. Has Nietzsche influenced you and, if so, in what way?

'2. Do you believe that Nietzsche's teaching has ever had any real effect on the general mental attitude of intellectual France?

'3. Do you think that Nietzsche's work contains elements capable of exercising a beneficial influence on a young Frenchman, that is, capable of helping him with the problems of the present? Or do you, on the contrary, believe that it is to be considered purely as a historical phenomenon with no actual effect?'

Of the Frenchmen honored with Herr Kückenburg's attention (and it would be interesting to know how many were), only eight deigned to reply: Marcel Arland (who won the 1929 Goncourt prize), Henri Barbusse, Jean Richard Bloch, Paul Claudel, André Gide, Henri Massis, André Maurois, and Raymond Poincaré. Paul Claudel should hardly be counted, however, for he merely sent back the questionnaire with the marginal notations: '1. No. In no sense. 2. I don't know. 3. No. Yes.'

Poincaré evaded the request for a personal opinion in the following way:—

'I believe that the train of reasoning presented by Emil Faguet in his book, *On Reading Nietzsche*, written in August 1903, still holds true to-day: "The essence of Nietzsche's thought is that it is man's duty to create his own individual ideas, since they alone have the strength necessary to sustain him, and since man can find strong and reliable support only in himself. Nietzsche is right in that, and his teaching is good: even his example is good. That is the reason—apart from the exquisite pleasure of reading his writings —why it is peculiarly useful to enter for a time into close relations with this 'Don Juan of knowledge,' this adventurer of the mind."'

A surprising similarity appeared in the replies of the others, who for the most part had read Nietzsche in their student days and had been more or less deeply influenced by him, only to find in their maturer years that he has ceased to hold any message. Curiously enough, André Gide, whose writings are nearer Nietzsche's in spirit than any of the others', was the only one not to have read Nietzsche as a young man, and, as he points out, his *Nourritures Terrestres*, which is supposed to bear the marks of Nietzsche's teaching, was actually written, at the age of twenty-seven, before he had read any Nietzsche at all.

From all this it would be easy to build up a theory that Nietzsche's teachings represent an attitude natural to young people, for which they are only too eager to find support in the writings of a famous philosopher. And, if we should devise such a theory, we should find additional support for it in the person of Marcel Arland, the only young writer

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represented, who, to judge from his reply, is still in the first, sweet stage of Nietzsche-enthusiasm:—

'1. I have read Nietzsche with more admiration and pleasure than any other moralist except Pascal.

'2. Nietzsche's influence seems to me to be particularly strong among the younger symbolists. I should not say that he alone guides their minds, but rather that he gives them the strength to go further along the road on which they have already set out. I believe that to be the case with Marcel Schwob and Gide.

'3. I believe that Nietzsche's influence is just beginning to be really felt; I believe that it is eternal. And I consider him one of the best teachers a young man can have, because he is able to make him feel the need of clear thinking and heroism and rejoice in them.'

The reply of Henri Massis stands at the exactly opposite pole:—

'1. As a student I read Nietzsche with enthusiasm, but during the crises which I went through, like all other young men, his teaching helped me not at all, in fact, rather hindered me, in finding a passable road to society.

'2. It cannot be proved that Nietzsche has influenced directly any of the French intellectuals. Doubtless many French books of the last quarter century have a Nietzscheian tone, but I believe that that tone was not borrowed, but was the result of a native French development contemporaneous with Nietzsche's work.

'3. My experience with young people teaches me that Nietzsche and the Nietzscheian spirit, whether the latter developed autonomously in France or not, are no longer exercising an influence. Nietzsche is admired for his literary qualities, but he is not followed.'

Jean Richard Bloch contributes the interesting theory that Nietzsche, with his superman, was the first to set down the doctrine of the modern powerful bourgeois, whom Henry Ford has come to typify. The disapproval that many people felt for Nietzsche was the result of his relentless attacks on all those remaining mediæval institutions, including Christianity, which stood in the way of the bourgeois, who was seeking unlimited power. Nevertheless, Bloch feels that the day of the superman is already drawing to a close. The World War was an attempt to limit his destructive power, and the future is bearing us in other directions. Our hopes and curiosities are no longer concerned with the Nietzscheian superman.

Against Standardized Literature

WHEN Mr. L. Stanley Jast, city librarian for Manchester, was invested with the presidency of the British Library Association he took advantage of the ceremony to make an attack on modern literature that received wide publicity in England. Mr. Jast, it seems, has a reputation for iconoclasm and when he criticized the present craze for speed, Sir J. J. Thomson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, remarked, 'I think libraries have kept remarkably free from that infection.' But speed is not the only thing Mr. Jast fears; slavery to the machine and mental degradation induced by radio are his two chief terrors:—

'I pass over the menace of the cinema and the madness of the cross-word puzzle. It is not my purpose to review, even cursorily, all the forces which are steam-rolling the world into a flat and dead uniformity. They have been the theme of abler pens than mine, with larger canvases at their disposal. I come to an aspect of this process which concerns us much more nearly—namely, the reaction of the machine on literature itself. With the effect of the newspaper we are familiar enough; there we are not dealing with a tendency, but to a considerable extent with an accomplishment. The general press is already standardized, and the signs are not wanting of the gradual disappearance of

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the local newspaper in favor of the localized general press—a consummation, I venture to think, most devoutly to be regretted, for its disappearance will herald a further decay in local patriotism and local spirit. But the newspaper—with a few exceptions that still remain with us—is not literature. The best popular magazines are, or rather were, but the machine is rapidly reducing them to its own element.

'The point I would note here is that in standardizing the printed word you inevitably lower its level. Standardization and degradation in this field go together. In the case of the machine you can have a good and sound piece of work put on the market, because the public understands machines. If we have a flair for nothing else we have a flair for mechanism. But in art and literature the taste of the many is bad taste, or, if not bad, it is uncultivated. The librarian has been likened more than once to the priest. If he is a priest, then surely it is in the standardization of literature that he must see his most powerful enemy, and burning with the divine fury of the prophet and the missionary declare a holy war.

'It is true that literature, other than magazine literature and fiction, is more resistant to the mechanical formula. More resistant, but, unfortunately, not impervious. Its fell trail is beginning to be seen in other departments of the book—for example, that bastard development of the modern writer, the temperamental biography, cursed by every librarian because, whether classed in biography or in fiction, it is out of place. The formula is simple: take any well-known man whose standard biography has been written,—this is necessary, because otherwise you would have to hunt up the facts yourself,—filch whatever suits your purpose, and serve with dialogue drawn from your own inner consciousness. When well done by a master, such as Maurois or Harold Nicolson, the result is amusing, even brilliant, though the subject is neither Shelley nor Byron, but another man of the same name. But when done, as it is now being done, by a score of second-rate imitators the results are mischievous and debasing to the biographical currency.

'The practice is curiously paralleled in modern art by the painters who slap on to the canvas a few lines and some blobs of color and call it a picture. A great artist may express in a single line a whole mass of detail, but the economy of these other men, who are not great artists, is nothing but an economy of time and skill—a slapdash art which is in the nature of a pictorial impertinence. Here again we have the formula. There are, fortunately, wide tracts of literature and of art which are as yet comparatively or entirely immune from the insidious microbe of standardization, but it is spreading, and in the absence of an antitoxin it would be folly to set a limit to the field of its ravages.'

The English equivalent to our Book of the Month Club and Literary Guild—known as the Book Society—also came in for some disapproving comments:—

'I will not dwell on the serious economic considerations raised by the mass marketing of a few selected authors by societies which—to quote from the *Manchester Guardian*—"need not carry stock or maintain expensively rented premises in shopping streets." Let the publishers, the booksellers, and the authors who are not selected deal with that problem. There is another, which is ours. The Book Society appeals to an educated public which is no longer prepared to face what the *Manchester Guardian* terms "the trifling responsibility" of choosing its own books. If the ubiquitous motor-car presages a race of cripples, the Book Society presages a race of mental hobblers.'

Mr. Jast summed up his conclusions in these words:—

'Now when regional cultures disappear from the face of the earth, as they are disappearing, every year more quickly,

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when in place of cultures there is only culture, when the machine has come completely into its own, when civilization has no longer hills and valleys and uncharted seas of thought, where are new impulses to come from? I see in the custodian of the great reference libraries, the librarian who collects and collects and collects, utterly regardless of the changing and accidental values of the moment, the one hope and safeguard against a future given wholly to the dread god of the machine.

'Let us no longer regard the great libraries as providing merely for the labors of the scholar. That view of them is their justification, but it is neither sufficiently splendid nor heroic. Regard them as the reservoirs, the seeding-houses if you will, of future cultures, and our view of them becomes both. I believe they will be the main sources of the fresh cultures that men will eagerly seek after in the inevitable revolt against a machine-made civilization, and a world crisscrossed with a universal tangle of wires and pipes, and littered, like an American cemetery of discarded and rusting motor-cars, with the hideous débris of the engineer.'

Pirandello Quits Europe

PERHAPS to compensate for all the Iowa expatriates who cannot endure American life but must saturate their sensitive natures with an Old-World atmosphere, Luigi Pirandello, the foremost modern Italian playwright, is shaking the dust of Europe from his feet and coming to end his days in the United States. The reasons he gives for his change of habitation are worth repeating, though we hope that they do not fall into the hands of any of our voluntary American exiles and persuade them to return again to the land of their fathers.

'I want to quit this putrifying Europe,' Pirandello declared, 'and live with a young nation. Existence on the old continent has become intolerable. A child cannot be happy in a cloister in the company of decrepit monks. I am well aware that my birth certificate states that I am sixty-six years old, but I shall not stop protesting against this error, which can only be explained on the ground that it was a slip of the pen made by some careless or distracted civil servant. There is no more youth in Europe. I feel quite out of place among all these graybeards. Hence I am going to seek refuge in America. I have sold my villa at Rome and divided what I possess among my three children.'

When Pirandello was asked whether the real purpose of his voyage was not to make money he replied, 'I have never known how to make money and never shall. All playwrights are poor. The directors and the publicity men are the ones who fill their pockets—and at our expense. When I left London after being acclaimed at the Oxford Theatre I had only a few pence in my pocket and had to borrow a crown from the porter in the Victoria Station to be able to take the train.'

Nor were his travels in other European countries any happier. Pirandello declares that France, Austria, and Poland are now being governed by immortal octogenarians whom the common people had formerly driven from power during the last part of the nineteenth century. He describes these men as the plague of Europe.

'England,' he points out, 'is by far the worst of all the European countries and I only met one completely young man there —Bernard Shaw. But, alas, he is unique of his kind and, since he never has to pay for his tickets to the theatre, that makes him less sympathetic to me.'

A few weeks of high-paid, high-pressure work in Hollywood might help to convince Signor Pirandello that the artist's life is no more enviable on one side of the Atlantic than on the other. And if Old-World politicians distress him, we cannot help wishing that he had visited Washington when Harding was in flower.

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Masaryk Talks Literature

DR. ROBERT FREUND, an important German publisher from Munich, recently paid a call on President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, whom he found remarkably well posted on English, American, and Russian literature. After discussing briefly Masaryk's new book on the Czechs, they came to Virginia Woolf, of whom the President said, 'She wrote me a letter when I was in France not long ago. I had read her book in which she suggested solving the woman question by giving each woman five hundred pounds a year and a room of her own. Of course, that is a very brief summary of her underlying thought. I then wrote her a few ideas of my own on the woman question —but, *nota bene*, I wrote under a *nom de plume*.'

Masaryk then expressed admiration for Aldous Huxley and for Michael Arlen. The latter, he said, could not be a full-blooded Armenian—'his descriptions of English life are too precise for a foreigner.' Of Proust Masaryk seemed to have small knowledge and an even smaller opinion—'I believe that even in France people do not read him much,' he remarked. He then began praising a Hungarian novelist named Szabo, of whom his German visitor had never heard. 'Yes,' Masaryk explained, 'he is unknown by many Hungarians, but the reason is that he writes very frankly of present conditions. It is extraordinary how much the choice of books that are translated from foreign languages depends on chance. Nothing seems to be done systematically.' His own acquaintance with Szabo came about quite fortuitously, since the translation—presumably German—which the President read had been done by a lady just on the chance that some publisher might accept it.

But the subject of Dostoievski interested Masaryk more than any other literary topic. Dr. Freund told him that German enthusiasm for Russia was declining and that the interests of the country were turning westward. Masaryk does not approve of Orientalism and remarked, 'I believe that the Orient and its wisdom and religion are very much overestimated by many Europeans.' None the less, he preserves an admiration for the author of *The Brothers Karamazov* and apparently had not heard that Aimée, Dostoievski's daughter, died two years ago in a German sanatorium. Masaryk had frequently supplied her with funds and expressed indignation when Dr. Freund told him that the Soviet Government had sold some of Dostoievski's manuscripts for 60,000 marks but that only forty-three rubles were handed over to the writer's children. Masaryk himself owns a Dostoievski manuscript which he has never had time to decipher thoroughly and which he believes is the third volume of a book on Russia, two volumes of which have already appeared. As the German publisher of Dostoievski, Dr. Freund pricked up his ears, no doubt hoping that he may some day be allowed to bring out in German translation this important document from the pen of a genius.

Northumberland Passes On

THE DEATH OF THE Duke of Northumberland, chief proprietor of the *Morning Post* and owner of the most extensive coal fields in Great Britain, brought forth a number of strange tributes. The obituary in the *Daily Telegraph* recalled, among other things, a tiff that occurred between the late duke and Mr. A. J. Cook, former Secretary of the Miners' Federation, when the Coal Commission of 1919 raised the question of nationalizing the mines.

The Duke of Northumberland had pointed out that he was glad to pay taxes to the government that reduced his gross income from slightly over $400,000 a year to a paltry $100,000, but the impertinent Cook still wanted to know what services

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the owner had rendered the community to entitle him to such rewards. The duke replied that he had already paid in death and succession duties about twenty-two per cent of the value of the mineral property and that his heir would have to pay forty per cent or more, which would entail breaking up the estates.

'Among other services I have rendered,' he then added, 'is that of explaining to the miners the very disastrous course in which I think they are being led by their leaders.'

Mr. Cook replied that he had read in the Bible, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' But the duke was not to be gainsaid. 'If it is the Lord's,' he retorted, 'then it cannot belong to the miners.'

All of which is perhaps a somewhat roundabout way of getting to the following lines written by Ian Colvin, chief editorial writer on the *Morning Post*, to commemorate the passing of the greatest, but happily not the last, of the Die-Hards:—

That crowded vault of valiant dust
  Opens, the eight-and-thirtieth time,
For none more true, more fit for trust
  Of all the princes of the prime,
  In legend or in rhyme,
Of greater valor, purer love,
More of the eagle and the dove,
  Of heart more humble, more sublime,
    Northumberland!

Shrewsbury, Holmedon, Chevy Chase,
  In all the fights of spear and glaive
Fought by thine all-but-royal race
  That went before thee to this grave,
  None ever were more brave;
In England, Scotland, or in France,
None ever couched a keener lance
  A foe to slay, a friend to save,
    Northumberland!

Wherever Englishmen were found
  Who held the faith and waged the fight,
Thou of their courage wert the ground,
  And thine ensample held them right;
  Thy counsel was their light;
'He, if all others fail,' they said;
But who will, now that thou art dead,
  Stand like a beacon in their night,
    Northumberland?

O'er Alnwick's towers the hawk will soar,
  O'er Albury the nightingale
Her moon-enchanted song will pour,
  The herons take their homeward trail
  At evening to the vale
Where thy beloved trees will dream.
Over the sunset-colored stream,
  Alas, what will all these avail,
    Northumberland?

Farewell, a virtue hath gone out,
  A valor hath been quenched in thee,
A spirit lost too brave for doubt,
  Too faithful for apostasy;
  Being so, 't is best to be,
Ah, never-daunted Percy, where
Only the brave thy rest will share—
  The noble and the free,
    Northumberland!

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Governor Fuller in Berlin

FORMER Governor Alvan T. Fuller of Massachusetts passed through Berlin last summer, where he was interviewed by a representative of the *Weltbühne*, an influential radical weekly. The Sacco-Vanzetti case naturally figured in the conversation and Mr. Fuller took the opportunity to clear up certain misconceptions that he still finds lurking in the dark corners of the earth. On being asked whether attempts were still made against his life, he is said to have replied:—

'Oh, you mean on account of Sacco and Vanzetti. Do you know that Europe has been much more upset about this affair than the United States? People in our country have not understood how so much excitement could be aroused about a couple of criminals. Both were convicted murderers and anarchists. Other countries make short work of such people but I did not uphold the death sentence against them until I had struggled for a long time with my conscience.'

'Yes, I read that in a Berlin paper under your picture.'

'You know, I had a hard time then. The jury, all of them unprejudiced, honorable men, had unanimously sentenced the two Italians to death, for they had both confessed to being anarchists and to rebelling against the present social order. They belonged to a band of conspirators who attacked peaceful citizens with bombs and dynamite. They were for socialism and godlessness. The American people repudiate such frivolous ideas. In our country, everyone has complete freedom but he must not misuse it, and that is what these two men did.'

'Were you exposed to criticism in America?'

'Most people in America approved the verdict. It was clear to us that it was a purely American affair in which no foreigner was involved. The tendentious prejudice and general bitterness against the United States only damaged the two men. Perhaps without such pressure from outside another solution might have been possible.'

'A pardon?'

'Perhaps, but, in any case, the widespread support that Sacco and Vanzetti enjoyed abroad proved that there was a conspiracy against the security of the U. S. A. and that we should have to defend ourselves with every means at our disposal.'

'Do you perhaps know a certain Upton Sinclair?'

'Oh, that man is a crazy Bolshevik whom no one in America takes seriously. He was convicted in Boston for an immoral book. I believe it was entitled *Oil.* Such people have no practical significance among us Americans.'

'It is the same with us.'

'Moreover, some criminals later took revenge by attempting to blow up the house of one of the jurymen. Then people recognized that Sacco and Vanzetti were criminals. But the whole affair has been forgotten long ago. No one in America thinks of it any more. There are so many criminals that we can't waste our time on these two.'

Čapek Looks Ahead

KAREL ČAPEK, author of *R. U. R.*, has once again assumed the prophet's mantle and written a description of what the United States will be like in the years to come. Here

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is the fantastic way he depicts, from the point of view of a future historian, some of the changes that will have occurred:—

I resist the temptation to describe the tremendous technical achievements of modern American life. That would be too remote from the study of political conditions I am attempting. But I wish at least to touch upon the brilliant solution of the traffic problem that New York, a city of sixty million people, has achieved. Since the streets and subways were absolutely incapable of handling the increased traffic a huge concrete platform has been built over the whole city and all the traffic runs there. As a result of this condition the New Yorkers live entirely in a subterranean world which is lighted by electricity and receives artificial ventilation. This is a big step forward.

American political life has made remarkable use of the so-called gangster. These fellows organized armies of hold-up men, safe-breakers, and murderers who blindly obeyed their commanders. The gangsters were also in the pay of the political parties and for a certain consideration they would kidnap or permanently dispose of any writers or leaders of the opposition party and would terrorize voters. Gradually these parties, of which there are but two in America, became more and more dependent on their gangsters and finally things reached such a pass that two groups of hostile gangsters could not exist at the same time. Open warfare broke out between the two chief gangs, one of which was led by the New York safe-breaker, Red Bob, and the other by the Chicago smuggler, Big Bill. Both groups were equipped with cannon, tanks, machine guns, poison gas, liquid fire, airplane bombers, and all the equipment of modern warfare, including field hospitals and laboratories for developing germs of pestilence.

People can still remember the sacrifices that these battles produced. An entire district in which a murderer belonging to the hostile gang lived would be shot up and whole streets would be blown to pieces with mines. Boston was laid waste by one of Big Bill's aëroplane assaults. A third of the population of Chicago was killed off by one of Red Bob's gas attacks. The New York water supply was poisoned by typhus bacilli from Big Bill's laboratories and Wall Street was shot to pieces by a cannon barrage. The United States Navy suffered a complete defeat near Long Island at the hands of Big Bill's cruisers, which were protecting his ships laden with European liquor. In the foot hills of the Appalachians the two gangster armies joined in pitched battle and Red Rob was captured and killed. His head was then hung for a year in front of the New York City Hall and the police did not dare to remove it. During these battles, in the course of which the two official bands of the metropolitan underworld came into conflict, more than seven thousand gangsters were killed, as well as some eight thousand publicists and more than fifteen million unattached citizens. Big Bill got the situation completely in hand.

Naturally his party is now in control, that is to say, the party that he supports and that pays him money. Every politician or journalist who dares to champion the opposition is kidnaped within twenty-four hours, even though he may be surrounded by a squadron of armed police with hand grenades. Big Bill lives in a splendid villa in the state of Vermont. There is a reward of three million dollars on his head and he has been sentenced to death seven times. He has his own radio broadcasting station from which he sends messages to safe-crackers, smugglers, central depots, and banks. He has taken over the job of clearing the United States of private bands of thieves and blackmailers. As soon as they cease to oppose him he has them join his army and this has immensely strengthened public security. The press has kept

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begging him to refrain from bloodshed and force, since all he needs to do is to ask for a good ransom. Big Bill replies to this request by stating that he cannot let his followers get out of condition. He needs keen young men and not ne'er-do-wells who have no technical experience. This is why he has not abolished the police.

Big Bill is a huge fat man with one eye and half an ear. The missing eye and ear he lost in various brawls. His favorite sport is naval battles between his warships and those of the United States. It is said that he has the largest submarine fleet in the world. His palace in Vermont contains a splendid gallery of rare pictures and statues which he has seized from various national and private collections; indeed, the Big Bill gallery deserves its world-wide reputation. In Chicago he has built a gangster hospital for his followers, the most modern hospital in the world, and he has founded the Criminal University where the best criminal students experiment with new methods of law-breaking.

Big Bill himself is a simple, honest man. Innumerable directorships have been offered him in big industrial trusts and banks, but he refuses such offers on principle. 'No, no, my son, that is not for me. I am not such a thief as that.'

He has imposed the following political platform on Congress. First, no immigration: 'I will allow no foreign rascals in America.' Secondly, firm support of Prohibition: 'That is my business,' says Big Bill; 'I forbid anyone else to enter it.' Thirdly, a huge tariff: 'Money shall remain in this country.' That is Big Bill's principle. Fourthly, no international obligations: 'I will have nothing to do with the London pickpockets,' remarks Big Bill; 'every country should have its own gang.' Aside from this Big Bill allows Congress and the White House a free hand. He is very popular because he lends his support to baseball and a few ethical societies.

America's Double Secret

FORTUNAT STROWSKI, a member of the French Institut and a former lecturer at Columbia University, describes as follows what he calls the 'double secret of America':—

The first secret of America is that she has her tradition ahead of her and not behind her. Her tradition is the mirage that precedes the caravan, not the oasis left behind. The second secret is that America has her colonies at home. These colonies do not resemble British India, where a dense population is already living and where the colonizer is really an exploiter or at best an official. America's colonies contain no former occupants. The man who installs himself in them dislodges nobody. He is a creator, a trail blazer. He does not abandon his native country like the French colonist. He does not leave his own frontiers. He is not submitted to regulations and arbitrary authority. He has no tariffs to pay. He does not need to ask for authorizations. He finds in his colony the same customs with which he has been familiar. He can even install himself in comfort and enjoy the same advantages that are to be found everywhere else. The state owes him security, justice, education for his children, and religion if he wants it. For the colony is part of the territory of the mother country.

Remarkably enough, the immense open spaces that are still to be colonized are rich in all kinds of natural resources. In them the need for creation can expand, that instinct for future tradition that is the specific mark of the American. The vital urge is not halted by respect for the past or defiance of the future. In New York I have seen moving pictures of pioneers, heading westward, that the audience greeted with the same enthusiasm that we show when our soldiers

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march by. These pioneers were installing American civilization sixty or eighty years ago in California on the border of the Pacific and in this picture America recognizes all its soul and its mission.

A world based on future tradition and colonial spirit is strong indeed. If for the moment it has the support of a moral conscience it is bound to survive, enrich itself, and impose itself on the weak. It carries within itself all injustices and waste, but no more than other forms of civilization. Let us not treat America as a gigantic, infantile construction. Let us only recognize that we have more to imitate there than to criticize. It is itself and we are ourselves.

Moreover, it has need of us more than we of it. No one can live and develop himself without the treasures of the past. The instinct for stability and permanence never dies. A day will come, and indeed it has already arrived here and there, when these Americans will want their tombs to be as eternal as the pyramids of Egypt and when they will recognize that, having attained a certain degree of perfection, they have no right to destroy it. A tradition based on the past is already being created, if only in the cult of great men. I do not believe that Europe will end up by resembling the United States, but I am sure that the United States will ultimately resemble Europe.

Hate from Haiti

DANTES BELLEGARDE, Haitian delegate to the League of Nations, made a speech before the last Assembly in Geneva pointing out the danger of Yankee financial imperialism in Latin America. The following paragraphs attracted considerable attention in the Paris newspapers:—

To lend money to somebody one must have faith in that person's morality, in his solvency, or in the value of the guarantees that he can offer. But the borrower too must have confidence in the creditor, confidence that this creditor will nourish no back thoughts of monopoly, conquest, or violent seizure of goods, liberty, and rights; confidence that the money offered him is not a bait that will lead him to risk losing all that he has and even life itself. Now it must be admitted that confidence is lacking on both sides. The North American creditors, who are looking only for economic advantage, are afraid of investing their money in unsound enterprises that offer no great opportunity for increase of wealth. The Latin American borrowers, for their part, see a fugitive kind of vision in which every Yankee capitalist is followed by regiments of marines or is backed up by the formidable silhouettes of superdreadnoughts from the United States.

This mutual distrust should be dissipated by some frank act of political loyalty and likewise by close coöperation between the business men of the two Americas.

The question of investing capital abroad is most delicate, because financial breakdowns produce armed or diplomatic interventions which a Latin American writer has referred to as financial aggression. On the last anniversary of the Armistice, November 11, 1929, President Hoover delivered a speech of rare high-mindedness on the freedom of the seas and on peace. He said that fear is the most dangerous of national emotions. Yet fear of the United States reigns throughout Latin America and this dangerous fear will continue until the policy of the United States defines itself in some way that leaves no room for doubtful interpretations or abusive treatment.

The Monroe Doctrine, originally designed to protect the American continent from European ambitions, has been given new interpretations as the years have passed and now menaces those whom it pretends to defend. Upheld by the United States Government as an instru-

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ment of exclusive national policy, it has become what an English author has called a blank check on which the State Department writes any figure it pleases. We have seen Roosevelt interpreting it in this way, giving the United States a continental police power that international law has never allowed any state to exercise over other sovereign states.

Hearst and Lloyd George

As a result of Hearst's expulsion from France and his subsequent retort to the French Government, his name has been appearing even more frequently than usual in the British press. Nearly all the London papers seemed to agree that he came out on top and the only positive dissenting voice was that of the *Morning Post*, which took the opportunity to kill two birds with one stone:—

In this country, it is true, we take another way with Mr. Hearst, of whom we have much experience. There is no man living who has done more in his time to breed bad blood between England and America; but we uncomplainingly tolerate his ownership and occupation of an ancient castle and estate in Wales. Not only that, did not Mr. Lloyd George teach us by his example, when he was prime minister, that the proprietor of the *New York American* was a man whom we should delight to honor? M. Tardieu must have forgotten that shining example, or, instead of requiring Mr. Hearst's departure, he would have ostentatiously invited him to lunch at the Quai d'Orsay, and later made a contract with him, at princely prices, for a series of articles in the Hearst press. Thus would he have exercised that Christian charity which 'suffereth long, and is kind,' and at the same time proved it to be a paying proposition. He would, indeed, have enjoyed that best of all reprisals, which is to convert an injury into a benefit. Can it be that M. Tardieu was deterred by the scruple that the injury was his country's, and that the benefit would be his own? We should not like to think so; because that would be a reflection on a British prime minister.

It should perhaps be explained that some years ago, while Mr. Lloyd George was still prime minister, he entertained Mr. Hearst at lunch and shortly thereafter began contributing to the Hearst press.

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CORRESPONDENCE

TWO MONTHS have now passed since the first of our monthly issues reached our subscribers and up to now our change of schedule and increased variety of contents have evoked only commendation. Two of our oldest friends, indeed, have expressed their approval in words which have given us genuine satisfaction. One of them, Mr. John Graham Brooks of Cambridge, Massachusetts, writes: 'Long familiar with THE LIVING AGE—I never knew a period when its value was higher—or as high.' The Reverend E. W. Perry of Goldendale, Washington, who suggested some months ago that we should include an occasional article in the original foreign text, says: 'I like the new policy as to time of publication and also the two-column page. Anything which makes the magazine more intimate and personal in the best sense is also an advance.' Incidentally, Mr. Perry's previous suggestion has brought in a number of letters, both pro and con, two of which we are printing below.

A friend writing from the Middle West feels that THE LIVING AGE is making real progress toward the accomplishment of its declared objectives.

VILLA GROVE, ILLINOIS

TO THE EDITOR:—

THE LIVING AGE has been an abiding joy again this past year. I have been unable to restrain my enthusiasm and eagerness to share it with those to whom it is not available. I have loaned copies to club members here, to high-school teachers of history, and to friends in Colorado, Michigan, Ohio, and Florida. It is the only magazine that gives to our culturally isolated communities an intelligent comprehension of what the world is thinking and doing and it creates in them a sense of America's place and responsibility in world affairs.

Very sincerely yours,

GLADYS HENSON

Messages of this kind are of course immensely encouraging. Although THE LIVING AGE can best serve its purpose by extending its circulation among those who truly appreciate its aims and purposes, a necessary first step toward such expansion is the wide dissemination of individual copies, which sometimes magnetize new readers even more effectively than the recommendation of a friend. Miss Henson is by no means the only one of our subscribers who generously shares her copies with her friends. Of course we should be glad to send a sample copy of the magazine to any one whose name was sent to us by a subscriber, and we should appreciate the thoughtfulness, besides.

The suggestion that we should run an occasional article in the foreign text has brought in a number of violently conflicting opinions. At present, the noes seem to have it:—

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

TO THE EDITOR:—

Away back in 1880–81, when I plunged into the mining camps of southwest New Mexico, I subscribed to LITTELL'S LIVING AGE to keep me in contact with the best of European thought. Eight dollars a year it was then. Even yet some of the things I read linger in my memory. No other magazine, American or English, ever filled its place. So it was with interest and an ever growing antagonism I read of the proposal to devote a part of its pages to articles in foreign tongues. For I am no linguist, though once I had a very slight smattering of German and Spanish. I have always felt resentful of foreign-language quotations, even when necessary, as in Hallam's *Middle Ages* and *Literature*. I was being deprived of something that would throw light on something I wanted to know. I believe that many—if not a majority—of your readers will feel the same way. Of course, there are a few who like to feel themselves of the cultured élite, who will favor

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it. And write you to a man and woman. It will give such a delightful feeling of superiority over those who are not in their class as linguists. To look at it in a practical way: you would have articles in the original in German, French, the Scandinavian tongues, Italian, Holland Dutch—maybe Russian, etc. Who would know them all? Or more than one or two? So, even among the 'élite' there would be some of the resentment felt by a majority of your readers. You would be playing favorites. There are plenty of foreign magazines and books readily obtainable in all these tongues that those who will may read. Let THE LIVING AGE pursue its old and proven way. So, *don't do it.*

Sincerely,
W. D. JONES

Here is one of the best letters we have received in favor of articles in the foreign text.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
700 LANCASTER AVENUE

TO THE EDITOR:—

Allow me to express an opinion on the suggestion made by the Reverend Dr Edward Welton Perry, in his letter published in THE LIVING AGE of July 1, that you should publish in each issue an article in the original text. I am enthusiastically in favor of this proposal, since I am a teacher of modern languages, thus belonging to a group that is constantly striving to awake in American youth a consciousness of the value of that insight into other people's ways of viewing life which is only obtained by acquaintance with their language. Should you decide to follow up the suggested policy, we would have fresh, up-to-date foreign texts readily available for the use of college classes.

Moreover, many teachers and other good linguists in this country have not the income to subscribe to many foreign periodicals with which to keep in touch with the language forms which are constantly developing and changing in a living speech. The regular appearance in each issue of one article in one of the great Continental languages would be a godsend to such readers of THE LIVING AGE as cannot regularly visit a large city library.

In view of these two ways that your already excellent review can be of additional service to the thoughtful American reading public, I counsel your adoption of the innovation suggested by Dr. Perry, to whom our thanks are due for his championship of the idea.

Sincerely yours,
EARLE D. AIKIN

One of our New York City readers has two suggestions to make—the return of our 'Metropolitana' department and the addition of a series of questions set by the editors and based on the contents of the articles in each issue. Still another New York friend has suggested—this time verbally—that we include a theatrical department called 'European First Nights' made up of reviews of the leading plays in London, Paris, and Berlin. We hope that this suggestion as well as the two offered in the letter that follows will strike responsive chords:—

NEW YORK CITY

TO THE EDITOR:—

Since you have decided to publish THE LIVING AGE on a monthly basis again I have two suggestions which I believe readers will like. The first of these is the return of the department called Metropolitana, which was both interesting and informative. The second is for the creation of a new department in which the editors would present a series of questions on the articles in the current issue so that the readers could test their powers of absorption and assimilation. The editors might then publish the answers to these questions in the following issue if they believed them to be helpful.

In closing just let me say that I consider the time and money I have spent on THE LIVING AGE to have been spent to the best of advantage. Reading THE LIVING AGE has also given me a better background to understand the things that happen from day to day in this great world. Wishing you continued success, I remain,

Yours very truly,
HAROLD M. HONIG

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COMING EVENTS

Argentine

BUENOS AIRES. November 11, St. Martin of Tours's Day.

Austria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 12, Festivals Commemorating the Founding of the Republic.

KLOSTERNEUBURG. November 15, St. Leopold's Day, popular festival.

VIENNA. November, Modern Furniture Exhibition, French Impressionist Exhibition; *November–December*, Autumn Exhibition; *November 1–3*, Meeting of the Professors of Austrian Commercial Schools; *2*, Buccaneer Horse Race, Workmen's Symphonic Concert; *5, 8, 9, 12, 16, 19, 23*, Meetings of Vienna Trotting Union; *9, 16, 23*, Spanish Riding School; *12*, Gymnastic Display; *19*, Vienna Symphony Orchestra; *23*, Austrian Championship Wrestling Matches; *30*, Chorus of Vienna State Opera; *December 5*, Vienna Symphony Orchestra; *6*, Merry Vienna Evening Concert, Spanish Riding School; *7*, Haudek Challenge Cup Heaving Competition; *10*, Vienna Symphony Orchestra; *12*, Workmen's Symphony Concert.

Belgium

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 26, Name Day of King Albert.

LIÉGE. November 3, St. Hubert's Day.

Brazil

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 2, Memorial Day; *15*, Anniversary of Proclamation of Republic.

RIO DE JANEIRO. January 20, Celebration of Foundation of Rio de Janeiro.

Canada

AMHERST. November 8–13, Maritime Winter Fair.

CHARLOTTETOWN. November 1, Silver Fox Company Show.

GUELPH. December 8–11, Ontario Provincial Winter Fair.

TORONTO. November 19–29, Ontario Royal Agricultural Winter Fair.

VANCOUVER. December 5, Rotary Ice Carnival; *10–13*, Winter Fair.

VICTORIA. December 24, Yuletide Music Festival.

England

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 5, Guy Fawkes' Day; *December 26*, Boxing Day.

LONDON. November 9, Day of the Lord Mayor's Show.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Straw Day.

AVIGNON. November 30, Festival of the Separation of the Waters.

LYON. November 9, Horticultural Exposition.

PARIS. November 1, opening of the Autumn Salon; *21*, St. Catherine's Girls' Procession.

Germany

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Der Grosse Pferdetag.

PRUSSIA. November 19, Repentance Day.

SAXONY. November 9, Revolution Day.

Ireland

LEOPARDSTOWN. December 26–27, Races.

Italy

VENICE. November 21, Feast of the Madonna della Salute.

Japan

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. Novem-

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ber 3, Meihi Setsu; *January 1*, Shiho-hai; *3*, Genshi-sai; *5*, Shin-nen-en-kai.

MEXICO

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 12, Our Lady of Guadalupe's Day.

MONACO

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 17, Fête Nationale.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 3, Secession from Colombia; *28*, Anniversary of Independence from Spain; *January 21*, Foundation Day.

RUSSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 7–8, Anniversary of Proletarian Revolution; *January 22*, Death of Lenin.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH. November 12, National Radio Exhibition.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 23, King Alfonso's Name Day.
ALICANTE. December 4, Fête of St. Barbara.
BARCELONA. December 31, Fête of San Lucia.
POMPLONA. December 3, Fêtes of St. Francis Xavier.
TORREJONCILLO. December 7, Night Procession of Torches.
VALENCIA. January 22, St. Vincent Day.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 6, Gustavus Adolphus Day; *December 10*, Nobel Day; distribution of Nobel Prizes.

YUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 2, Independence Day.

THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

THE American public last heard of 'Pertinax' when he and Mr. Wickham Steed visited Washington shortly after the London Naval Conference. His real name is André Géraud and as foreign editor of the *Echo de Paris*, a reactionary Roman Catholic daily of considerable influence, he has always opposed the policies of Aristide Briand. Often he finds himself in the minority but the German elections have created a wave of nationalism in France and he has seized the opportunity to demand M. Briand's dismissal. Dr. Leo Stahl's character sketch of Poincaré should be read in connection with what 'Pertinax' has to say about Briand, since the former premier and president has now recovered from a year's illness and may soon return to power. Dr. Stahl is the Paris correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin.

WE discuss briefly in the 'World Over' some of the aims of the National Socialists —or 'Nazis'—and ascribe their sudden growth to a reaction against Socialist rule. This, of course, is only an opinion and instead of attempting to set forth all the many interpretations of Hitler's success that have appeared in the European press we are simply presenting a full, authoritative, and impartial account from the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, who tells how the National Socialists came to occupy their present commanding position.

JACQUES BARDOUX is not the only Frenchman who is accusing Britain of attempting to keep the nations of Europe divided among themselves and to prevent them from uniting for their common benefit. But the fact that he is writing for *Le Temps*, which is apt to set forth the views of the French Foreign Office, gives

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his article an official flavor. He does not, of course, dwell too long on the fact that the kind of European Union the French want is one in which they will play the dominating rôle and in which the present frontiers will be maintained.

RUSSIA'S grain exports and President Hoover's warning against Bolshevism have attracted attention once again to the workings of the Five-Year Plan, which at the moment embodies all the hopes of the Soviet Government. The *Manchester Guardian's* Moscow correspondent has recently visited some of the collectivized farms and he gives us an idea of how Russia has succeeded, for the moment at least, in embarrassing the outside world. Since American machinery is being used on these farms and especially since it is being bought in increasing quantities with the proceeds of Russian grain sales abroad, the subject is close to home.

THE whole world is watching Germany just now and in connection with the timely articles we are offering on the subject it is interesting to look back one hundred years to the period when the Napoleonic wars had left the countries of Europe in a condition similar to that which prevails to-day. Heinrich Heine was the first man to summon his fatherland to arise from its lethargy and like many modern Germans he wanted to cultivate closer relations with France. Unusual importance is therefore attached to his hitherto unpublished introduction to the French edition of the *Reisebilder*. It was written shortly before he died and expounds to the French public of the time of Napoleon III the condition of Germany when Heine was a young man.

IT seems possible that John Jay Chapman is one of those Americans who must first be discovered abroad before his own people read him. He has, to be sure, been highly praised by many of our best native critics—among them Mr. Edmund Wilson, who wrote a fine essay on Mr. Chapman's work for the *New Republic* some eighteen months ago. The article we present, however, comes from the London *Times Literary Supplement*, where it occupied the place of honor on the front page. The author, who in accordance with the traditions of that paper does not sign his name, not only shows us how Mr. Chapman represents a fine flowering of purely American culture but also praises him as an interpreter between the two English-speaking nations.

STUDENTS at Harvard and Yale during and after the War knew Harold Laski as one of the most stimulating teachers they had ever encountered and he also enjoyed a wide acquaintance among American politicians and journalists. Since 1920 he has been a full professor of political science at the University of London, but he is also an active pamphleteer for the Labor Party. We present in 'Persons and Personages' a brief sketch of the man and his theories by a sympathetic Frenchman which will serve as an introduction to four essays, by Mr. Laski himself, on Kipling, Wells, Galsworthy, and Shaw.

CENTRAL Europe has produced more than its share of movie celebrities and Germany has probably done more than any other single nation to make the old-fashioned movies and new-fangled talkies into something like an art. Bela Balazs, a young German Hungarian whose latest novel, *Impossible People*, was reviewed at length in our last issue, asserts that the films now being made cater altogether too much to the tastes of middle-class audiences. His protest is followed by another of a more technical nature by Prince Henry of Reuss, a provincial theatrical director, who doubts that the talkies can ever replace the theatre.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE maintenance of peace is the greatest, most necessary, and most obvious policy of any patriotic Englishman in the real sense of the word. Not only would another cataclysm like that of 1914 endanger the whole structure of the Empire, but it would inevitably involve us and most European countries in such an economic and financial disaster that we might well fall, never to rise again.—*Lord Howard, former British Ambassador to the United States.*

France, unanimous France, wishes peace and is working to organize it both politically and economically throughout the world and especially in Europe. This work France intends to continue. France finds to-day as it did yesterday that the basis of such organization rests in the formula of security, arbitration, and disarmament.—*André Tardieu, Premier of France.*

However much popular assemblies have contributed to the advancement of human liberty, and however much the growth of democratic institutions has tended to the preservation of world peace—and I profoundly believe that they have done both—it may be questioned whether they have made easier the conclusion of international compacts, whether special or general.

No matter how soundly constructed or wisely conceived an all-embracing code of international law might be, only the sublimest confidence could expect it to emerge without amendment—or, at the least, interpretative reservations—from the various parliamentary bodies whose approval it must seek.—*John W. Davis, former American Ambassador to Great Britain, in a speech before the International Law Association.*

Unless the present generation can sweep away the spectre of war, all the courage, all the bravery, all the endurance, and all the sacrifices have been wasted.—*Tom Shaw, Secretary for War in British Labor Cabinet.*

Radio has the unique function of reconciling nations. Until now, what nations knew of each other was almost invariably derived from the distorting mirrors of their respective press organs. The radio shows the way people really live and in most cases their best sides. The radio thus helps to remove those mutual misunderstandings which so often turn into active distrust and hostility.—*Albert Einstein.*

Peace is the greatest cause in front of the world now. No nation can afford to contemplate war and prepare for it. Science has subdued war by making the conditions of the next war so horribly unthinkable. But a peaceful world to me is of very little value unless human life is lived on a high moral and a high spiritual standard. Mere material gain is comparatively of little value. The authorities of the world must not therefore merely pass resolutions in favor of peace. They must bend their attention to great programmes relating to social well-being.—*J. Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister.*

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